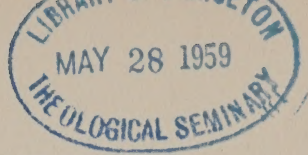




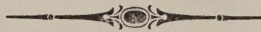
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Man's right to be human

MAN'S RIGHT TO BE HUMAN



MAN'S RIGHT TO BE HUMAN

To Have Emotions Without Fear



By George Christian Anderson ✓

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To Ricky, and his sisters
Patsy and Carol, to help
them grow toward tomorrow.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR

No one has the definitive key to how to live. I could not in truth provide such a formula, for each of us must find his own way. I have written this book with the very simple hope that I may share my own emotional and religious experiences with others. Over the years, my work has brought me close to the lives of many people, and I have never ceased to marvel at the amazing courage most individuals possess in the face of unknown tomorrows. My own life, too, has its own share of concerns, anxieties—but also joys. I have tried to put down in simple words with as much honesty as I could consciously feel, thoughts and experiences which have been helpful to me and to others, too.

The book is not a religious treatise for scholars, nor a textbook for behavioral scientists. I could not have written such a book if I had tried. If my concern for frankness and honesty prompts controversy and fresh appraisal of many things in religion and psychiatry, some of my purposes will have been served. I have no desire that readers agree with me, but I have raised essential questions about hourly emotional problems which should be discussed. Each of us learns as he goes along, but it is important that we ask the right questions and insist on truthful answers.

Today, we live in a world of conflicting moral values. Man

has a right to be human, to live with himself and with others free from emotional instability and fear. Happily, we need not despair or walk blindly, as there is truth about life for all who in real honesty can accept it and live as becomes it. If my thoughts can be helpful to anyone, I shall be grateful.

George Christian Anderson

Monhegan, Maine

MAN'S RIGHT TO BE HUMAN

Chapter One

EXPLORING THE INNER SELF

Of all the explorations we can make, nothing is more exciting than the journey into Self. In ancient times, man turned to his religion and his gods for knowledge about himself and for guidance. Today, the search has moved from the temple to the hospital clinic. Psychologists and psychiatrists are crashing through the sound barriers of our souls.

With the use of drugs, contrived convulsions, brain surgery, and psychoanalysis, our hidden motivations are uncovered and some of our most precious secrets stripped bare. This invasion of our minds by the new priests of the soul has vastly disturbed many of the orthodox priests of the temple. In swift, sharp, incisive strokes, our gods have been analyzed and our morality threatened. Psychiatry has turned its spotlight on our fears, our hates and guilts, and our desperate need to be loved.

From dawn until dark, we engage in a steady struggle to preserve our individual worth. Some of us attempt it alone; others have recourse to our accustomed faiths with their promises of safety and liturgies of comfort. Like small sails on the waters of the deep, we tightly clutch our rudders as the winds of life whip up the waves and threaten to engulf our tiny ships. The survival of Self—our body, our mind, and our soul—is the biggest challenge of life.

The Self is our home; it is all we are and it is priceless. We endure untold physical and emotional torment in order to preserve it. At times we have long periods of loneliness and uncertainty as we endure our anxieties and fears isolated—and often insulated—from people around us. “Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?” asks Thomas Wolfe. Not even our most precious loved ones are permitted to go all the way into the deep sanctuary of our souls and witness our nakedness or invade our moral privacy. Despite John Donne, part of each man is always an island unto himself.

Each day we pour into the mind of the Self the ingredients of knowledge and experience, searching for a formula which will not only keep us alive, but give us enough courage and hope to go through the day. Nature endows us with the primitive stuff of brain matter, but we ourselves decide what we are to become. Our minds are not primarily formed by others, despite what psychologists tell us about the human influences around us. We alone can choose how the Self will grow—but the job isn't easy. Just as we cannot always control the beat of the heart, neither can we always restrain the forces that divide and agitate the mind. We wish for joy, but instead comes ill. We strive to be free, but often become enslaved by our world and those around us. We try to retain Self, but find ourselves swept along by forces beyond our control. Man has, after all, demonstrated his ability to shape his own destiny, to better his human condition and even to change the world around him.

Yet we have a mind and in this mind is the skill to move mountains or to reach the moon. The mind holds the power to make of life what we wish it to be.

In every generation, man has been forced to examine the truths by which he lives. The questions “who am I?” “what am I?” and “why am I?” have had to be answered or the

known answers reaffirmed. As man grew bolder and moved from his cave to the open plateaus, the things he once depended upon had to be discarded, and shadows of fear were dissolved in the brightness of new knowledge. With the growth of intelligence, the sages of the East and the philosophers of the West gradually destroyed the temples erected to Baal and then science added the coup de grâce. Today, psychiatry and the new sciences of behavior compel us once again to examine the precepts by which we live, shocking and enraging those whose houses were built on the foundations of their fathers.

Once upon a time, man believed that gods lived on earth and slept in their tents, like men. But now, God is dissected like man—in the laboratory of skepticism. The Dead Sea Scrolls, following on the heels of decades of biblical criticism, are shaking the foundations of religious history. The orthodox religious belief that the earth was made in 4004 B.C. (Usher's theory), is meaningless with unearthing of apes' skeletons such as that of *Oreopithecus*, a creature who roamed the earth ten million years ago. "God is an illusion," writes a Freudian. Students of behavior boldly affirm that man can exist without God, and that the practice of religion is a universal emotional sickness in which man for himself replaces man with God. Man without God is the hero of liberals. Heaven is violated with rockets and satellites, and the soul becomes only an ancient myth.

But can man exist without God? Are we doomed to be slaves of uncontrolled biological instincts in our unconscious? Is religion a threat to our happiness and freedom? Is immortality nothing but a dream of a happy hunting ground? Once again, man is being compelled to answer these questions, but today, the very survival of the ground on which he walks will depend on the answers he finds. The globe itself will vanish with his mistakes.

The study of man under the aegis of psychiatry and psychology, analyzing his fears, his courage, his faith and hope, and his powers of reason has not come a moment too soon. But these sciences alone cannot provide the formula for survival or the means to courage and wisdom. We need the fortitude and incentives that only religion can give. Psychiatry need not reject religion any more than religion can afford to reject psychiatry. But conflicts between the science of psychiatry and the ancient truths of religion threaten to undermine modern religion, and discredit the valuable insights from psychiatry.

"Those who go to a psychiatrist are in mortal danger of having their religion destroyed," is the harsh charge of many clergymen. "Psychiatry is encouraging immorality and wrecking our civilization." This invasion of psychiatry into religion and morals is denied by psychiatrists. "We are not primarily interested in religion or moral systems," they say. "Our job is to heal the mind of its disease. How a person wishes to order his life is his own business." During a meeting of ministers and psychiatrists, one of the clergy, scarcely concealing his hostility, bluntly asked a psychiatrist, "In treating your patients, do you teach them to be religious or irreligious?" "Neither," replied the psychiatrist. "My job is to be neutral. I am a doctor—not a philosopher. I try to heal the mind of my patient. It is your job to teach the patient the way he should live."

So serious is the struggle between psychiatrists and the clergy over the charge that psychiatrists delve into the intimate depths of the soul with apparently no moral responsibility, that Pope Pius XII, several months before his death, issued a warning: "The psychologist who really wishes to seek only the welfare of his patient," he said, "will be all the more careful to respect the limitations placed upon his actions by morals, since he holds in his hands the psychic fac-

ulties of another human being." Modern man's deepest emotional feelings are being exposed as never before.

We can be grateful to psychiatry for lifting many fears from our minds. Many of its theories have gone beyond mere speculation for we now have the medical histories of hundreds of thousands of emotionally disturbed people who have benefited by new insights provided by this highly specialized field of medicine. Obviously, psychiatry is not the only science or body of knowledge which can teach us how to live. But the new physicians of the soul, by probing into the deepest corners of our psyche, have much to tell us about the powerful forces for good and evil which dwell in each of us.

For example, we are now beginning to ask whether our wrongdoing is sin or caused by emotional illness. The comforting knowledge which is emerging from psychiatric studies, in contrast to religious beliefs, is that much of the wrong we think or do is not because we are deliberately sinful, but comes as a result of hidden emotional disturbances which need understanding and help. Each of us has moments when our behavior is not completely sane, just as so-called insane persons have moments of sanity. Indeed, few psychiatrists would care to attempt a definition of what sanity really means. None of us is ever in complete control of himself.

When driven from our feet by emotional stress we need not fear that we are going mad. Indeed, certain emotional releases are signs of maturity and good health. But we need to know how to regulate these drives, when to let them go and when to direct their energies into other emotional pleasures. Our minds contain both evil and goodness. Health of mind depends on whether we can let these forces come out without feeling excessively guilty or frightened by what erupts from within.

Despite our happy hours, most of us have moments of guilt, anxiety, insecurity, and bewilderment. Some of us

have a moral code we cannot always obey, religious beliefs we cannot accept. We live contradictory lives. We pretend we are good, yet engage in evil. We try to be brave with minds racked with fright. We have life—but have a hard time trying to live it. Many people exist as if they were just waiting to die. Some love too much, and others love too little. These are the cold, honest, brutal facts of life.

The psychological journey into our inner world helps us to experience our emotions without fear, to admit what we have denied, and to deny what we once believed. Psychiatry obviously must reveal our morals, and measure the strength or the consequences of our religious faith. But religion need not fear that psychiatry will replace the gospels of religion. Nevertheless, many preachers become disturbed when their church folk take their troubles and religious doubts to the doctor instead of to the priest. I recently heard a clergyman accuse a psychiatrist of destroying the faith of a congregant. The doctor remarked, "Your church member had very little faith in the first place. I cannot be blamed for destroying what your friend never really had." But at times, the psychiatrist and the clergyman find themselves in each other's yard.

A psychiatrist recently came to see me about one of his patients who had attempted suicide. The patient had experienced a long period of persecution and emotional suffering. Death seemed much more acceptable than life. "My job, of course, was to help him with his emotional illness," said the psychiatrist. "He had an awful lot of trouble and there wasn't too much happiness ahead. My job as a doctor was to help him stay alive. But why, and for what?" The psychiatrist was not a priest, but nevertheless he was faced with the profound religious question, "Why do we insist on life instead of death?" Whether he liked it or not he had inevitably become drawn into making some religious decisions.

Over the past few years we have heard or read a great deal

about psychiatry—and most of it of the wrong sort. We have been told, for instance, that what we are is the result of experiences in our childhood, and that most of us cannot do very much about it. Some of us have been nearly frightened to death from reading about the deep, dark sewers in our unconscious minds. When I was a lad I was told that God was hiding all around me, ready to pounce upon me the moment I did the wrong thing. Today, popular articles on psychology suggest that hidden monsters in our unconscious are always straining on the leash, ready to spring out and turn us into beasts.

There is some truth, of course, regarding the influences of childhood on our present behavior. By now it is also generally accepted that there is a process going on in our minds which psychiatrists refer to as the “unconscious.” It is good for each of us to know about these things. We know much less about ourselves than we suspect. Psychiatrists often tell us that a human mind is like an iceberg of which only one-eighth of its size is above water. The other portion is out of sight. So it is with our personalities. We all like to think that we know ourselves fairly well and that we can adequately manage all our thoughts and actions. But this simply isn’t true. We often scarcely know ourselves.

There is no doubt but that we are partly animal and partly human, living in moments in which we exert fair self-control but at other times running out of control. Both religion and psychiatry are well aware of this. Our natural impulses and instincts constantly strive for expression. This places a heavy burden on our will power. No wonder we so often feel mentally and emotionally exhausted. The inner struggle is not just a theory—it is all too real! Powerful needs for love, raging hostility, pitiful needs for attention, and even physical exhaustion surge from repressed desires raging in our unconscious minds. While we should be grate-

ful to psychiatry for lifting the veil from our true, inner selves, we must not permit disturbing knowledge to make us psychologically insecure. The disrobing of our emotions—these new insights about our awful selves, is bound to rob us of some of our false faces. Our façades of respectability get shaky. But we needn't be afraid once we have enough courage to be honest with ourselves. We will find that our unconscious holds constructive and creative powers, too.

In our search for security, there is a valid place for both psychiatry and religion if they can assure us that we are not hopelessly damned.

The good news of our day is that despite certain religious myths and unacceptable doctrines, there are spiritual truths which are intellectually convincing and emotionally satisfying. We may have to search them out and dig beneath certain weeds of legends and dogma. But the truths are there!

I know a chap who drives twenty miles to go to church, passing another dozen churches on the way. For him it is worth the journey. He has found a church which offers a religion he can accept, a God who has meaning for him, a faith and a trust which is changing his life. His religion is medicine for his hope. Countless other human souls find in religion valuable insights that strengthen self-faith and transfigure fear into hope.

Psychiatry cannot always help us. False claims are made in the names of both psychiatry and religion. Many people know all about themselves and still remain mentally ill. There are many people who know why they suffer from guilt, and continue to feel guilty even after psychotherapy. The goal of psychotherapy is to enable a person to walk alone. But many individuals can no more walk alone after being ushered from the psychiatrist's room than they could when they were first cast out of their mothers' wombs. The point I am making is that psychiatry is not a panacea for the

torments of our minds. Our mind-doctors strengthen our powers of faith and hope, but let us not fool ourselves into pretending that psychiatry releases us from total anxiety. Indeed a human being without anxiety is insane. Anxiety and inner emotional conflict is part of nature's plan to help us strengthen our minds, fortify our will power and self-control and arouse even greater faith in our own selves as persons of value and spiritual worth. Psychiatry can give us added strength of mind, but we shall need religion to give us spiritual strength to preserve our minds.

In the waters of the North Atlantic a sea turtle wandered from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and drifted toward the coast. His life was ended by the swift thrust of a harpoon. All the children of the island gathered at the beach as the six hundred pound tortoise was towed ashore by the fisherman. I watched a group of boys descend on the shelled reptile and hack away at its limbs with sharp knives. But they could not sever the leg muscles. The hours and days that added up to the two hundred or more years of the turtle's life had provided powerful muscles which had served the turtle well. In the internal conflicts of the ocean currents the sinews had been stretched and hardened. I could not help but marvel at the power of the great horned reptile etched in the large bones and muscles. Nature rewards our struggles with new strength. Our minds, too, become stronger when we wrestle with our inner conflicts. The trick is to direct mental energy into the kind of behavior which will strengthen faith in ourselves. We need to accept the cross currents in our emotional lives and let them come forth so we can see them and be strengthened by them.

Unhappily, we live in a day when it is claimed that happiness can be purchased in pills or in books, or by happy thinking. We are told that we can get peace of mind by ignoring our emotional conflicts, or that all anxiety can be removed

by prayer. Anesthesia of the mind is becoming as popular as the allopathy of the body.

Now there is hardly an individual alive who does not prefer pleasure to pain, serenity to worry, health to illness. Tranquility with or without drugs is an attractive state of mind. But those who think that peace of mind means the removal of all inner conflict are doomed to disappointment. As long as we remain responsible persons, we can never have complete freedom from tension. Psychiatrists, psychologists, clergymen, philosophers, or any others who promise to guarantee peace of mind are making a mockery of the truth and cheat us.

Can we cut guilt from our minds by a surgeon's scalpel? Or forever destroy worry by a pill? We shall not succeed in our search for happiness, peace of mind, or peace of soul, until we realize that there are certain stresses and psychological problems which will be with us—always. Most of us have already discovered that life more often gives us a cross rather than a lollipop. Our goal should not be peace of mind, but strength of mind. Honest living means living successfully with your worries, not without them. Strength of mind gives us the power to face what life has given to us, to fight when necessary, to doubt when required, to reason always. The mind was never meant to be a test tube into which we pour chloroform concealing the facts of life.

One night while I was on duty in the emergency ward, a boy was rushed into the hospital by his desperate parents. It seemed that the lad had been running a high fever all day and was becoming delirious. "Don't you think we should give him a dose of penicillin?" inquired a first-year medical student from a nearby university. "Why?" asked the resident physician in charge. "Well, it will bring down the fever, won't it?" said the student. "Sure it will," replied the resident, "but it will hide and distort the symptoms of his real

illness, too." One of the first things a medical student must learn is that a good doctor never takes shortcuts, applying white bandages to a laceration which may need probing and perhaps surgery. Just as physicians must search for truth about illness, we, too, must admit the truth about this stark, realistic life we are living. We cannot cover it up with fake salve.

This is true whether we are being promised salvation by psychiatrists or preachers. We must not be asked to put our faith in mild soporifics which leave us stranded in crisis like a reed upon the wind. Peace of mind cannot come by prescription or formula or even by religion. Some modern prophets of religion promise immediate release from our pains and aches and worries. All we need to do is to make a deal with their God.

These cruel promises which many sell and many others too easily buy, make a mockery of real religion. Each of us knows only too well, that our struggle with inner self, our groping with never-ending temptation, often leaves us spiritually weak and in spiritual agony. Religion never offers us a big dish of ice cream at the end of the struggle against temptation. To be sure, the battle gives us experience. We gain knowledge and strength for the next battle. But it is simply not true that religion always provides victory over every temptation which threatens to violate our finest ideals. Religion helps us to conquer certain surging impulses, but even so we can often be defeated.

Most religions do not offer featherbeds of peace and tranquility. If it were that easy to be good, few of us would sin. A deep sense of religion which is spiritually honest means hot shame and remorse, meaningful guilt, spiritual growth, purchased by blood, sweat and tears. For spiritual growth is a battle. We cannot achieve holiness in a day, probably never. But in this fight against our inner evil, we must not believe that we are unworthy or damned souls. How can we

keep faith in ourselves, justify inner strength for the fight, if we honestly believe that we are depraved or forever lost? Man can do without the kind of God which keeps us living in daily mortal terror. This is not the God of the great religions. It is the sick God of a sick human mind.

For man is essentially good. We must believe this! We cannot believe in a God which has created man to be ultimately enslaved by evil. Man's faith in himself means that he is not willing to allow others to frighten or manipulate him. When I have faith in my own worth, I am no longer a prisoner of others. Psychiatrists tell us that the preservation of the real self is of fundamental significance to an individual.

Each day brings new experiences, new truths, new powers of observation and action. Although we are partly dependent on others, we alone must live out our lives—for better or for worse. When a child is born, the umbilical cord connecting the baby with the mother must be severed. From that moment we must not be afraid to cut the apron strings which tie us to mother, father, church, state, and even to our culture. We must feel free to choose those things in life which will serve us best and which do not hinder the development of the faith we must have in ourselves. A baby is not born alive until it begins to breathe. Neither can we live until we achieve self-realization, or, as psychiatrists put it, "individuation." Our highest loyalty must be toward our authentic selves. But first we must love ourselves and know the power of self-acceptance. To accept our emotions without fear is a vote of confidence in our essential worth as persons of importance and dignity. No one is perfect. We can only live with what has been given to us by nature and the personality we are achieving through our own efforts.

There is only one way to capture the courage to live. To every man there openeth a highway to a power so tremendous that the entire course of his life can be changed by it.

It is a power that frees us from undue anxiety and guilt, from loneliness, from the fear of death. It can support us all day long until, as the ancient prayer reads, "the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over." That power is the power of inner honesty.

When we are honest enough to see our face and face up to what we see, we are ready to begin changing life. To live what we are, to be unashamed of our faults even though they be unacceptable, to dare to deny ancient and cherished beliefs—these are not paths to moral decay but to spiritual growth. When we turn the full light of truth on our weaknesses and failures, on our love relationships, on our religious beliefs, on our self-love, on our anxiety and guilt, we face up to what we really are and drive away the sham and fakery which distorts our life.

The power of inner honesty delivers us from the uncertainties of day and the agony of the night. But it would be foolish to pretend that happiness inevitably comes to those who are honest. Such advice is food for children, not for mature minds. The kind of honesty we are talking about deals with the discovery of what we really are and how often we cheat and weaken ourselves by self-deceit. Most of us go through life completely unaware of the tawdry substitute for our real self that we have been living with. Yet once we can face our whole self with truth we also begin to see that we are far more noble than we ever suspected.

Just as nature formed our bodies out of her substances, she also breathed the gifts of honesty, sincerity, and truth into our souls. There is no cause for despair just because the hour just past or the hour to come may hurt us. The joyous news from nature is that she has poured into our bodies and into our minds a power for daily survival.

Today, more than ever before in the history of mankind,

the science of medicine enlightened by psychiatry and psychology, and religion leavened by a new liberality, can change our lives and give us a fresh outlook on life. With these new gifts we can throw off our fears and doubts, our guilts and insecurities, and move up to the spiritual plateaus of life where we can better manage our lives and exercise our right to be human. But only if we dare search for truth. The knowledge of reality is the only guiding light man has on earth. But it will lighten life, and the things of heaven, too.

Chapter Two

THE GODS MEN MAKE

I remember as though it were yesterday, the day I first really believed in God. That is not to say that this was the first time that I had ever heard about God, for the Deity was a member of my family! It happened when I was a little boy of nine. Robed in the black cassock and white surplice of a choir boy, I was standing next to the coffin while the priest chanted the service for the dead. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," intoned the man of God. Suddenly I realized that some day I would be dead, too. The thought of my finish, and the unblestness of my boyish heart worried me. For me God now became a necessity because I was scared.

During the Second World War we heard much about a wholesale return to religion. I received a letter from a bishop who told me to prepare for a tremendous increase in church attendance when the war ended. "These boys in the foxholes have seen God," he wrote, "and thousands now have accepted the faith." The Bishop, of course, was mistaken. A person in crisis will grab almost anything for a life preserver. Many people become religious because they are insecure without it. Like a child, they need something to lean on. When I was a hospital chaplain, a psychiatrist asked me if I actually believed in God. "How foolish," he

said. "God is nothing but a childish dream." Today, one of the major conflicts between psychiatry and religion concerns man's age-long belief in a God. To the questions about God and his existence—"Why?"—"How?"—and "Where?"—psychiatry makes no pretense about having the answers. The new science of the mind is concerned with human behavior—not theology. Psychiatry is content to leave the exploration of heaven to the preachers, while it limits itself to the exploration of human minds.

Yet at the root of every emotional disturbance are fundamental tensions involving our relationships with the universe. We are only a tiny part of all existence; we live in two worlds, as it were—the world of ourselves, yet residing in another dramatic, mysterious world of lands and seas, moons and stars, life and death. So man invented the word "god" to describe what he means about the world around him.

Psychiatrists have sharp, taut, documentary proof that what a person believes about God is a vital ingredient in an individual's mental and emotional health. My early, childish feeling for the need of God was, of course, no different than that of grownups whose God is not much more than a safety belt. Unable to deal with our fears and longing for a Mighty One to whom we can take our troubles, the holy man in the sky becomes our refuge. But our God is not always our friend. What we believe about God can comfort us by day or terrorize us by night.

The legends of history tell us of his hell, his power to move the waters and make a fire of the sky. The holy books of religion speak of his love, but also of his stern, exacting demands on humans—on little children, on grownups, and on the aged. Our images of God help to form the images of ourselves. If God is frightening, we are frightened, but if God is kind, we, too, are more kindly.

Most gods are not born in heaven—but on earth. They

are born in the minds of men who clothe them with human features and endow them with earthly attributes of love, authority, and revenge. As you read the history of religions, the biography of the gods is the autobiography of the men who invented deities. "And God created man in his own image," relates the ancient biblical story of creation, but it is probably more truthful to say that man creates God in man's image. That is how religions are born.

In the morning of religious history, long before psychiatry evolved, gods were far more plentiful than today. An ancient Babylonian story describes an occasion when the gods "gathered around like flies." People chose or invented gods to suit their cultural or national requirements. This accounts for the political gods of Rome and Japan, and the philosophical, mythical gods of Egypt, Greece, India, and other early civilizations. Ahura Mazda (mazda lamps now immortalize this god of light!), Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, T'ien, Allah, Yahweh, and scores of other deities have flourished and have been found worthy of adoration. Man has given birth to thousands of gods—but he has also written their obituaries. This is not strange. Gods are made in the image of men, and therefore gods must obviously die, too.

My childish concept of deity did not last very long. Within a year or so after my funereal conversion, it began to dawn on me that I really didn't have to believe in God after all. I remember that it took some courage—for it was an awe-inspiring deed for a lad in his first long trousers to dismiss the All-Powerful-One. For the first time in my life, I was beginning to realize that you didn't have to believe in God in the same way that you had to believe in the stars. You knew that the stars were there, because you saw them shine. But to believe that a holy man was up in the sky pulling all the strings in a giant puppet show, was more than a questioning lad could accept. I'd been taught by my early Sunday

School teachers that God was really a man after all, and that he kept his eye on me constantly. This spying was a nuisance, what boy wants anybody—let alone God—poking into his private affairs? The hymns in church, the prayers, and the sermons which I heard, all used words which tried to convince my young mind that God resided above, surrounded by messengers which had wings. Cherubims and Seraphims may have sung in heaven, but I never heard them!

But now I had the courage to reject all this nonsense. "How silly," I argued with my young friends, "to believe in a God who runs a bookkeeping system and keeps checking up on me." Then again, a certain hymn seemed odd. "There's a friend for little children," it ran, "above the bright, blue sky." So that's where the Lord lived—up in heaven. But the "up" puzzled me. My science books had explained that the earth revolved every twenty-four hours and what was "up" twelve hours ago wasn't the same "up" now. Nobody ever tried to explain the difference between poetry and fact. It was only much later that I began to understand that a grownup must learn how to differentiate between religious fact and fiction—to know what is religious symbolism and what is actual religious truth.

Then began long years of theological indifference. I couldn't in truth accept the anthropomorphic images of God certain religious teachers tried to force on me. I had no real quarrel with the gods of some churches—if they preferred to believe in a human-looking God who dwelt far above the tops of the skyscrapers, that was their affair. Certainly there was no lack of arguments which were being used to convince many people that all this was so. But none of the debates had any influence on me. True, I couldn't really prove that the old-fashioned religion was wrong, but nobody was convincing me that it was right, either.

Still, it was obvious to me that something more than man

was responsible for the sky, the trees, the blue stretch of the waters which encompassed the earth. "Just an accident," a physicist told me, "there is no universal plan. Everything just happens." Even though he was right—there still remained the sky, and the trees, and the blue stretch of waters which encompassed the earth. Just happened? At least there was nature. These were the years when I became a naturalist. Incapable of accepting the man-God-in-the-sky theory, I brought him down to earth. The beautiful sunsets or the scarlet streaks at dawn, the flowers, the birds, the grass, and the newborn leaves in spring—is not this youth in love with life and nature?

This kind of God made sense to me. I had no idea who God was, and really never gave it much thought, but one thing I knew—whatever had caused all of nature to "happen" was greater than mere man could ever be. God was my maker who had stretched forth his hand and created the foundations of the earth. Nature demonstrated his power. Although I now stopped going to church and felt more honest by being an agnostic, I was deeply moved by the greatness and the majesty of creation which had even brought me into being—to admire and adore it.

In fact, this impulse to relate emotionally to nature—to love it, to feel deeply humble in its presence, and even more significant, to feel my roots in it—as though I were an integral part of it—ever persisted. There were many times during my growing up when I felt the presence of a wondrous spirit which flooded my inner being and made me feel clean and strong. At other times—in moments of desperation—I would radio my needs to heaven. Yet I didn't seem to resent God's failure to accommodate me. "Why should God take time to be bothered with me?" I would say to myself. Still, each time I sent my childish prayers winging to God, I felt an ineffable presence. Usually this happened when I was

alone. I couldn't seem to find God in a church full of people. There was always too much noise—too much going on. Squatted behind the choir rows, we would mumble the holy language and then wait for the cue from the organist, who with a wave of his hand would scoop us out of our stalls to sing the Gregorian chants. Even when I felt in the mood to talk to God, the prayers and the intoning of the congregation seemed nothing but a pile of words.

Still, this indefinable force was there. As I grew older, the awareness that this mystical force could be reached—that it could help me change the darkness of night into the newness of day, was inescapable. And then one day, when I was about sixteen years old, I picked up a book in a secondhand shop and read a passage, "God is an illusion." The book was written by a psychologist who attributed his statement to Freud and his followers. The author was an atheist and flatly stated that people who talked to God were psychotic and were only muttering to themselves. Prayers were childish and religion was nothing but neurotic myths. Freud was quoted frequently to prove the psychologist's agnostic theories.

While practicing medicine in Vienna, Freud treated a number of patients who felt that God was punishing them. Freud insisted that guilt, aggravated by religious doctrines, had driven these patients into mental illness. Fearing hell, tormented by sexual aberrations, and despairing of their moral weakness, they had crowded Freud's clinic, attracted by his fame as a healer of emotional illness. Freud observed that a major factor in the emotional illness of many patients was fear of God, and concluded that religion was a major cause of neurosis. Whenever Freud asked his clients to describe what they meant by God, Freud was struck with the similarity of his patient's God to the patient's own father. Freud therefore concluded that for many people, God is nothing else than a substitute for an earthly father. Usually,

if a patient's parent had been rigid and authoritarian, then the God of the patient would be like that, too. Freud also observed that if a patient was hateful, his God would be hateful. It was obvious these emotionally disturbed clients projected part of their own personality or the traits of a parent into the heavens and invested God with these characteristics. This convinced Freud that many individuals were really not worshipping God, but merely communing with a celestial image of themselves.

As might be expected, Freud brought the wrath of religion squarely upon his shoulders. He was denounced by clergymen as a dangerous threat to the church and synagogue. But Freud continued his studies, denounced religion as an illusion, and accumulated additional clinical evidence showing how his patients' immature concepts of God were contributing to their mental illness. Today, many psychiatrists agree with Freud. One of the major problems they face when helping patients with emotional illness is how to deal with a religious belief which is so childish and infantile that it hinders one from growing into a mature, healthy person. There is a relationship between the size of one's mind and the size of one's God.

Recently a former member of my congregation came to see me in great distress. He bitterly complained that his corporation had jumped a junior vice-president over his head and made him president. "For years I have prayed that some day I would move from my job as senior vice-president and head my company. I have been loyal, worked hard, and given the best I had. Why has God let me down?" It was futile for me to try to explain how stunted and childish his concept of God was. To him, God was merely the Chairman of the Board who determined changes in company management.

Freud held that when a person's God was merely the caricature of a benevolent executive, the individual's growth

to maturity was seriously crippled. Such dependency—so Freud wrote—prevented a person from attaining the kind of moral freedom essential to adult living. But it is interesting to note that whenever Freud referred to God, he was speaking of the notion of God in some men's minds. This kind of God, Freud repudiated. Freud did not attack God—he was impatient with the childish God of grown-up people. In this respect he tended to support religion. He gave God more room. Those who project an earthly father-image upon the screen of the Ultimate fragmentize the Deity and reduce God to a fraction of the human imagination.

God must be permitted to be greater than the image or the projection of our earthly father. When we throw an invented God on the white canvas of heaven and insist that this image is the one, true God, we are worshiping nothing but a product of our minds. This is not God but merely our kodachrome of God.

I have noticed that when people argue against God, more often than not they are attacking their own image of God inherited from childhood or distorted by what they hear from some religious groups. A college freshman once asked me, "You are an educated person. How can you believe in God?" "What do you think God is?" I asked. He had never thought of God in any other terms than a benign-looking gentleman who controlled the universe with a series of celestial pushbuttons. I pointed out to him that he couldn't argue against God because he had no real notion of God in the first place—only an illusory, phantom, erroneous concept. When some of my scientific friends discard their early impressions about God acquired from childhood stories, and begin to see God in his full dimensions, their skepticism diminishes and the groundwork is laid for intelligent approaches to religion.

Down through the ages man has searched for a definition of God in which he can truthfully believe and trust. But

attempts to prove the nature of God are futile. Any definition of God denies Him, for God is indefinable. Tightly knit definitions of the Deity, tied together with a blue ribbon of speculation and wrapped in theological cellophane are blasphemy. "I believe in God," affirm our neighbors. But what is God? The invention of human speculation? A God who is merely the product of a human definition obviously is not God. God must be permitted to become greater than his name—he must be free to escape the clothing men give to him, or move out of the house which man in his imagination has fashioned for him. God cannot be contained in a capsule made with mental hands. To attempt this is to profane and degrade the Almighty. He must be allowed to be so powerful and so different from anything we claim for him that he can deny all of our feeble attempts at definition or description. The moment we think we have captured the true image of God, we have lost him; all we have in our hands is an illusion. No image of God that we ever invent, or even have revealed to us by Divine Prophets, can be the last and final word about Deity. It is more reverent to reject God than to make him a slave of our imaginations.

When we attempt to define God we are presumptuous—even arrogant. We cannot imprison God on a canvas of our making regardless of the pigments we select or the excellence of the frame. A charming story illustrates the point. "What are you painting, Sammy?" asked his mother. "God," replied Sammy. The mother examined the painting carefully and then said, "Do you think God will like his portrait?" "I don't know," replied the lad, "God hasn't seen it yet." We must not deceive ourselves that the portraits we draw of God are final and authentic. We must have the courage to go beyond any traditional or orthodox paintings of God and allow fresh interpretations.

"God is the destroyer of gods," cries the mystic. Gods are

idols—circumscribed, limited. When we attempt to make God conform to human definitions, we are forcing God to become nothing but human speculation. We shall never really find or understand God until we cease limiting him to our intellectual fantasies or emotional distortions. Dogmatic definitions of God have driven more honest people from church than into it. Mythical and immature images conjectured to define God's glory and majesty have been almost profane, and the caricature a mockery.

Perhaps this is one reason why some sincere searchers after God feel uneasy and deceitful when they recite ancient liturgies or utter traditional creeds in religious worship. Most religions rarely change their symbols or clothe them with new meanings. Yet many of my friends and yours resent and reject religious symbols cemented to meaningless or superstitious interpretations. When preachers insist that we accept what to us are childish fairy tales about God they offer us a fake God. We need to expose these gods for what they are. This kind of illusory religion is not grounded in truth or adult realism. Before we are asked to believe in the gods of religions, we must be given some assurance that we are not being asked to invest our faith in half-truths or mere speculation. We must have the courage, born of inner honesty, to cut the umbilical cords which tie us to a religion which, because of our inner integrity and urge for honesty, can never really be our own. Our hope and trust must rest in a God whom we can believe and respect.

True, there are many individuals who have an almost childish faith in the old beliefs. Those who conceptualize God as a benevolent anthropomorphic father who art in heaven are not to be despised or ridiculed. Man must choose whatever faith he thinks best for himself and which seems to satisfy his needs. The test of any faith is simply this, "Am I honest and sincere about those things in which I place my

trust?" Many individuals project an earthly father-image on the screen of heaven yet remain deeply religious and spiritual human beings. We must have reverence and respect for the sincere religious faith of others even though we cannot share what to us must seem childish and inadequate. Religion must be big enough to include the atom, medical science, cultural anthropology and the new experiences of life itself. In the market place of our new scientific ideas God has his valid place.

Today, most of us have moved away from the primitive gods of the tribes and the totem poles. As for myself, the growing years have taught me to cease looking for God in religious textbooks. My God is not an external object to be worshiped. God is an experience to be lived. When I say that I believe in God, I mean that I feel God—just as when I say that I love someone, I am expressing a feeling and not merely giving an intellectual formula. To feel God is something quite different from intellectualizing God. The Supreme Being is more than man and can never be totally understood by man. But God can be experienced in our hearts.

One day while leaving a seminary, I met a theological student who had just finished term examinations. "I had no trouble with the questions in metaphysics," he said, "I had boned up on all the arguments for the existence of God." "I'm glad you know all the arguments," I replied, "but do you really know God?" Arguments for the existence of God are almost as numerous as the gods men have invented, but really to know and to feel God requires more than a definition. There are many people who pray to God but they might just as well be talking to a satellite as far as actually feeling any communication or any real intimacy with their God is concerned. One of the tragedies of modern organized religions is that there are hundreds of thousands of church-

goers who worship a God that they neither understand nor really feel.

Our knowledge of God must not merely be inherited. It must be experienced. It is one thing to talk about love and another thing to love. It is one thing to pray as nearly ten million Americans pray in church and synagogue weekly and another to rise from your knees feeling the rich, holy experience which comes from a heart knit to a divine force as real as the hot blood in your veins. How sad that religion to so many people is just a sham and their God a meaningless puppet.

A real knowledge of God cannot be taught to us by rote, but must be achieved intimately and personally. To be effective, religious teachings must be converted into personal experience. Blessed is the man who has more than an intellectual theory of the Lord, but who has achieved a sense of living daily with him. These religious experiences turn the muck of earth into the firmament of heaven.

Twentieth-century man has long outgrown the superstitions of primitive deities. Today, many think of God as an impersonal Cosmic Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork," affirmed the ancient psalmist. But is that enough? Each of us hungers for something more from God than merely being part of his garden—many individuals yearn for the companionship, the comfort, the security, the assurance that God knows us by name. We are not completely satisfied merely to put our faith and our hope and our trust in the dawn or the sunset—we would like God to speak to us and have some assurance that we can merge with him and he with us. Above all things, modern man is seeking a sign from a God he can really know and feel.

No one can be argued into the presence of God. We can never be drawn to God through a debate—those who feel

the presence of God are those who have learned to walk with God. We know the meaning and joy of truth only when we practice the truth. When we love, we know the authenticity of love. When we place ourselves in harmony with high spiritual values and live them, we become spiritual persons. "O chaste and holy love! O sweet and gracious affection!" cried St. Bernard of Clairvaux as he opened his heart to the personality of God.

It is not easy for our human minds to conjure a personal relationship with something we have never seen or touched. When we try to tell a little child about God, of course we have to paint his image in realistic, earthly, man-shaped terms. Despite my sophistication, the image of my childish concept of God still fleets through my mind when I think of God. Our minds insist that knowledge and facts be spelled out in concrete terms. This need for visible reality creates a barrier in our efforts to achieve a personal relationship with God. We want our companionship to be as realistic and human as that which exists between us and our dearest friends. When this doesn't happen between ourselves and God, when we can't see him and audibly hear his voice, we begin to think God is a hoax or that our faith is too weak.

Once we rid ourselves of the notion that God is a man-shaped, isolated and insulated power in a geographic area beyond reach of our spaceships and learn to see God in everything which surrounds us, in all we see, in all we feel, in all we love—in everything there is, we have lifted the fog which hinders our intimate feeling of God's presence.

As for me, I believe that whatever emotion I feel, God must feel it, too. Whatever exists inside of me—be it compassion, kindness, understanding—must be part of God, for God is part of me. He who gave us emotions of love, must love also. God is not a vague, isolated object. To think of man separate from God, and God apart from man is meaning-

less, for God and man are both united in existence. A favorite argument of a writer I know stirs around the question, "Can man exist without God?" We can exist without certain forms of religion and obviously without some gods which are conjured by old and new prophets. But man cannot exist without God any more than water can exist without the hydrogen and oxygen which form its substance.

Nothing can compel a man to believe in God or to worship him. I have many friends who never darken the door of a church or synagogue. They refuse to be persuaded by orthodox theological arguments, nor will they buy the religious compromises of the liberals. But their deep concern about life and its meaning is as genuine as that of the holiest of saints. True, these reluctant friends of mine do not light candles before the images of the saints, nor wear their prayer shawls daily in the synagogue, but they are aware of a destiny which hews their shape. God has caught us up in his net of existence. Man may think he can exist without God, but he is mistaken. For we do not have God—God has us.

"Though God is everywhere present," said William Law, "yet he is only present to thee in the deepest and most central part of thy soul." Even when we pray, it is God within which helps stir our prayer. Prayers need not be thrust upward as though they were messages sent up on the string of our kites. Prayer is blasphemy if it is addressed to an external God who is not also part of our own self. God never leaves us—he is an essential part of Self. It is the God within which makes our God truly personal, and knits us to him forever. God is personal to me because I feel his personality.

Meditation, contemplation, prayer, and the good life all can help us sense our unity with the Holy. But we also must be willing to thrust beyond Self and search for God in the silence. This has been the way plain people such as you and I have reached the presence of God and made the experience

a burning reality in our hearts. Intimate companionship with God can be an actual reality—as countless holy lives can witness. Men and women in all times have been transformed from weak and frightened souls into joyous, radiant creatures. This power comes from that part of God which is within, and we can have it, too.

Psychiatrists who fear that all religious experiences will prevent growth toward independence and keep us tied to unhealthy myths and childish gods should have no undue concern. A believer in God does not necessarily have to be insecure—he can be confident and free. As for myself, when I feel close to God, I have no sense of hanging on God, but I am walking with God. Healthy religion never suggests that we lean on God, but live with God.

God comes alive in us with fresh power once we begin living a God-like existence. It is here where our great religions, our philosophers, our poets all can help us. Man was not born yesterday; he has accumulated vast knowledge which ages have refined through human experience, bequeathing us a residue of clear impulses of decency, of justice, of self-respect, and above all, of truth. Man was born with the capacity to be good. This, our noblest inheritance, is the breath of God.

To the question, "How can I find God?" the answer has been given many times for all mankind to know. The seed of God is in us. We can either live on the surface of life or penetrate into the deeper wells of our souls and find there the wondrous, spiritual powers from God. There, lying within, are tremendous spiritual energies at our disposal. But first we must commit ourselves, project ourselves into the presence of God. There is no other way. When we redirect our thoughts and seek to climb holy stairs, we make room for a power greater than ourselves to guide us in our ascent.

Man has no need to make gods. God has made man. This simple acknowledgment is enough to start the journey of faith. Ministers and psychiatrists, believers and skeptics, all have been created to live in a world which does not belong to any man. We have been born in a moment not of our own choosing and we shall be reclaimed by our Creator in God's good time. God is still King. Psychiatry can help heal our minds, but it cannot give us new ones. Only God can do this. But divine power is the most wonderful therapeutic gift of all, once psychiatrists understand and reverence it. Today, man's hope for sanity is renewed and assured as psychiatry and religion, as coworkers with God, together open new vistas of courageous and noble living.

Chapter Three

RELIGION IN SHACKLES

Is religion in the hands of people with minds too small to handle it? Despite the growing membership in churches and synagogues, there is a suspicion—even among a few religious leaders—that the return to religion is of no particular importance. “They come to church,” a leading theologian recently remarked, “but they go away emptyhanded. Instead of vital, credible religion, religions are still teaching Middle Age superstition and feeding on fear. Religion needs to concentrate on a few great truths which we all can accept and apply to everyday life.”

Many psychiatrists would loudly cry “Amen” to these remarks as they probe for an anchor in the lives of their patients and find only shallow religious faith; even worse is the fear and guilt in the minds of many whose religion was supposed to provide them with peace of mind. Where there should be confidence there is despair; instead of hope, there is anxiety; in place of faith, there is doubt.

Religion and its rites have been fair game for skeptics and critics ever since man was given the ability to doubt. Indeed, nothing in the holy pronouncements of organized religion is as common as the threats against heretics and the admonitions to pay no heed to religion’s critics. Yet most of the

great religious leaders have been rebels. In all fairness to a psychiatry which is accused of being hostile to religion, many psychiatrists are aware of the many valuable coins they can find in the treasure chest of religion. But when psychiatrists turn to the organized religious groups in their communities for help with their patients, they are frustrated to find that the wonderful health-creating assets of religion are frequently shackled by closed organizations headed by well-intentioned human beings who are chained to irrelevant antiquities and seem blind to modern man's search for his soul and a God.

"I would like to have the help of the local clergymen for my patients," a psychiatrist writes to me, "but his cupboard of psychological knowledge and healing resources is bare." The dean of an eminent Canadian theological school said to me, "We teach preachers everything which can be known about history, philosophy, and theology. But we teach nothing about the human mind and living emotions." A depressing fact that cannot be denied is that today—when man needs moral and spiritual health as never before—too many religions are selling outmoded merchandise in the same old stalls, unmindful of the fact that science has not only unlocked the earth but is opening the heavens.

Man's development of religion provides for psychiatry a picture window of the human mind and shows our deepest fears, our insecurities, our hopes, and our aspirations. Psychiatrists may feel they have no need to study religion, but they cannot ignore man's search after religion or religion's pursuit of man. These are psychological dramas which have occupied man's mind since the dawn of his times and persist to this day. Man doesn't choose religion; the concerns of religion—love and fear and security—come naturally into his mind with his first thoughts. When we inquire about the

meaning of life, or our disposition at death, we are immediately in the temple of religious concern.

Despite this scientific age of spaceships and satellites, the price one often has to pay to belong to a religious group is to bind oneself to superstitious beliefs and practices which have long forfeited their meaning for our new age. But many are reluctant to surrender their intellectual or spiritual freedom and are content to boycott the organized groups. Now, when psychiatry is revealing so much about our real selves, we are discovering that many of our religious teachings and practices are inadequate in helping us to calm our fears or provide healing for our guilty minds.

Psychiatrists admit that religion can often help to alleviate our guilts and anxieties, our insecurities, our loneliness, our fears about tomorrow, and fears about death, too. Although psychiatry and religion are distinct professions, they both deal with our basic human needs. Religion, enlightened by psychiatry, can further its own healthy goals in a more effective manner. On the other hand, there is firm ground even beneath the unscientific or mythical beliefs of many religions—and psychiatry cannot ignore this. Religious folk not only live with things they see and hear, but have reverence and hope in things they cannot see. Despite the shortcomings of religion, religious belief can stabilize character, provide moral and spiritual goals, and above all give each of us a sense of stability essential to mental health and spiritual living. Buddha has said with the greatest emphasis that morality is the indispensable basis for any higher mental development.

Obviously, as a science, psychiatry cannot blindly concur with everything our organized religions teach. Nevertheless, there is a wholly satisfactory security that religion can provide which is uniquely rewarding. Religion teaches belief in

a Supreme Power, who understands us, accepts us as we are, and forgives us. This sense of a God, which to many is a real, vital experience, not only gives meaning to life, but provides a companionship which helps one face adversities of everyday living.

But not every religion presents a God who alleviates our fears and attracts us to his companionship. Indeed, certain frightening and childish teachings about God often hinder the work of our mental doctors and prolong psychic suffering. "My biggest problem in treating some patients is not with the Devil, but with my patients' God. Their God is scaring them to death."

We look to religion to provide us with a set of beliefs and a philosophy of life—about this world and the next. Many psychiatrists recognize the value of this, particularly with patients who need an anchor in life. "I can't personally subscribe to my Catholic patient's faith," a Jewish analyst confided to me. "But it has real meaning to my patient and I know he is a healthier person because of it."

Religions have survived because they reflect the basic need of each of us to love and be loved by others, and religious fellowships provide a community essential to good health. Nevertheless, when psychiatrists look to religious groups to provide the fellowship some of their patients desperately need, they see many groups rife with prejudice and bigotry. More than that, the self-righteous smugness of many church and synagogue members drives away those who most need the comfort which true religion can give.

Psychiatrists will not all agree about the values and theories of religion, but most of them recognize that religion, when practiced in its finest sense, can be effective in healing many forms of emotional disturbances. For instance, a religion which offers confession and forgiveness instead of rejection, relieves the agony of sin burdening the anguished peni-

tent. But on the other hand, one finds too many religions which hammer away at sin and punishment. "Religion agitates my patient," a psychiatrist recently told me. "His church keeps him in a constant state of fear." The elimination of excessive anxiety is a basic principle in psychiatric therapy. Religion is guilt-provoking and too much guilt, especially if we are already in a mental turmoil, makes each of us sick. In handling the tool of the mind, religionists must take care that when they tighten the fetters on one side of the character, they don't loosen up another side. We can stand only so much, then we explode.

Still, the wondrous works of pure and holy religion can be seen by all who wish to open their eyes and witness truth. The supremacy of spiritual values, the holiness of a good life, the decency of morals and truth, are all kept alive by groups of religiously minded people who sacrifice and toil so that our world is a good place in which to live. Inheritors of profound spiritual truths, they also serve to preserve these truths for generations yet unborn. No one would care to live in a community where spiritual values were extinct.

Yet there is a holy waste of worship, liturgies, and dedicated energy among religious groups who devote too much effort to maintaining an organization while forgetting the fundamental reasons for keeping religion alive. They bake our cakes but give us scant nutrition. Religion is worthless unless it brings us into intimate, personal relationships with God, intensifies our love for our neighbors, and strengthens our sense of personal worth. Yet how many of our contemporary organized religions can measure up to these objectives?

In these days of crisis, our preachers warn us that we must equip ourselves with more religious faith if we are to survive extinction by guided missiles or hydrogen bombs. We all live in an age of anxiety because, basically, we live in an age without deep faith. But it is nonsense to be asked to place

our faith in miracles we cannot believe, or in the infallibility of a man-governed group which perpetuates childish beliefs about God and kindles our fear. Furthermore, organized religions often halt our search for faith by insisting on creeds we cannot accept or attitudes we cannot obey. As a wise spiritual leader has recently remarked, "It is much simpler and vastly easier to crawl into a parochial or denominational, a ritualistic or theological cave, and do the accepted thing, but it will not save the world nor save a soul."

We have become the first children of the Atomic Age—an age of which our fathers only remotely dreamed. Mankind is being warned of the tremendous power it now holds—a power for good or evil. Never before in history is man so near the brink of self-destruction. Whether or not civilization will destroy itself or provide benefits never before known, will not be the decision of scientists, but will depend on the decisions of man's moral consciousness. Religion can provide the moral stability without which man will perish.

Today, psychiatry would like to have religion as an ally. They know that the facts and problems of living cannot be adequately dealt with by psychoanalysis. Religion and psychiatry can enrich each other, but unless a person has implicit faith in his religious beliefs his religion becomes a hindrance rather than a help. The offices of psychiatrists and clinical psychologists are full of patients seeking solutions to their spiritual problems of living. Many religious groups have only themselves to blame for this switch from the altar to the couch. All too frequently, religious organizations betray man with a religion compounded of superstition and peppered with magic which drives him from religion and leaves him stranded without any meaning in life beyond his own selfish concerns. We have reached the time when we must sweep confused religion from our troubled air. Organ-

ized religion is often the most dangerous threat to true religion.

Most psychiatrists admit that they can only give limited assistance in helping us with our emotional problems. They help to loosen up the soil of the mind in which the seed of religion can grow. Ultimately, they must turn to the philosophers and spiritual leaders to strengthen our spiritual courage. But many of us who search for spiritual security bypass organized religions, for their symbols have lost meaning for us. We become sickened when we see religion prostituted by materialism, crucified by bigotry, and cheapened by ballyhoo. Mind-healing requires complete honesty; religion offers no security if it creates doubt in our minds by misleading conceptions or distorted arguments.

I once heard a sermon on the power of prayer. The preacher assured his listeners that God always answered our prayers. He told how he had prayed over a hospital bed for a sick child who soon recovered. "The reason our prayers are not answered," he went on to say, "is because we use the wrong formula." He ended his sermon by insisting that if we pray correctly and long enough, God will grant our plea. I could not help but think of the hundreds of prayers I had winged to heaven over hospital patients—but many patients had died nevertheless. True, many had recovered. Then there were those who had been cured without any prayers at all. It seemed to me that it would have been much more honest if the preacher had admitted that we really know very little about prayer. Prayer is an adventure in trust and not merely the expectation of a favor.

Religion, when properly understood, need not elicit dependency feelings, or seduce us into slavery, but the practices of many religious groups do this very thing. When we are encouraged to pray for material success, to ask for help to

sell our merchandise, to modify the weather to suit our comfort, or to extract a score of other things from our God, this is nothing but mockery. I remember when a lad I was told by the preacher to pray for sunshine to warm the coming Sunday School picnic. But there had been an awful drought and farmers were praying for rain. It was a tough decision for a boy to make but I solved it by not praying at all. Religion is too awesome, too holy, to play around with. Even worse, too many clergymen profess privately theological doubts they wouldn't dare ventilate in the pulpit. "Can't weaken the organization, you know," they say. This disingenuous doubletalk has no place among those who teach us religion or attempt to comfort us when we have been laid naked by an emotional crisis. There is a man called John, and another called Kenneth, and another called Fred, and a Sister Mary, too, who with thousands of other priests, ministers, and rabbis and other religious workers perform their tasks with magnificent integrity and devotion. Yet all too often, other representatives of organized religions betray our faith in holy things.

How can we—with hope or promise—turn to religion for help with our emotional needs if our religion is not intellectually convincing or emotionally satisfying? To many individuals, religion is nothing but organized speculation. All too frequently contemporary religion is hamstrung by old forms and symbols which have lost their power and need fresh meanings. Symbols, myths, legends, and miracles have certain values but must be appropriate for man's ever-growing knowledge. In the quest after truth, there can be no finality. The search for truth is never ended. Religions which close their doors to the further explorations of the spirit bury religion and then faith begins to rot. Religion should always permit the mind to remain open. As long as man has the capacity of thinking for himself, the partial truths of past generations

must be discarded in the light of new knowledge. Some things believed yesterday are the falsehoods of today. This is true of science. It is also true of religion.

Too often in religion, we meet words we do not understand. Phrases are intoned which have lost their meaning for today. "I cannot accept all those beliefs," I am often told by would-be church members after several visits to church. When I explain that they are expected to understand religion in terms of symbols and allegory they point out how much easier it would be if religionists would stop talking in riddles and really say what they mean.

Psychiatrists frequently see patients whose minds are made sicker by religious practices. One day a psychiatrist phoned to me and said, "I have a patient who believes that when she receives the bread and wine at Communion, she is actually drinking the physical body and blood of Jesus. Now I can't get her to go back to church. The thought of Communion nauseates her. Then she becomes guilty about rejecting Jesus Christ." Obviously, her mental sickness was distorting her religion, but one's imagination does not have to leap too far to see how confusion arises in our minds between the meaning of the symbol and the symbol itself.

Symbols, religious customs and practices, legends, parables, all have their part to play in religion; but they do not always stimulate the mental health of the congregant. A Jewish friend once related to me how he had spent ten years in a mental institution largely because of excessive guilt from violating the orthodox Jewish practices of his rabbi father. Another individual whom I knew was driven into a deep depression by a forbidden marriage outside her faith. At the root of almost every mental illness there is a problem of religion, for religion has to do with morality, spirituality, ideas about God, and immortality.

Religion should be a deep, intimate experience which we

can inwardly feel and to which we can give intellectual assent. Yet, modern churches are often run like a huge, high-pressure advertising agency. Many churches and synagogues quote membership and financial statistics to stress their "success" story. Through mass evangelism and pep talks, we are offered easy roads to salvation. "Come forward and get it," they seem to say, forgetting that salvation does not come in a split second, but only can be achieved by a slow but deep change in our total life. Religious orators do our thinking for us, and the cult of the popular pastor glues us to the television or forces us to sit among an overflow audience in a church basement listening to the sermons over a closed circuit. There is only one test of the value of a religious group—"is it helping me become a new spiritual being, in communion with God, and in a sincere and loving relationship with my neighbor?" Unhappily, this prime reason for religion is neglected in many religious groups. For many people, churchgoing is merely a lost weekend.

Unless religion interferes with our hateful attitudes toward our enemies, allays our anxieties, destroys our selfishness, pride, and arrogance, and gives us the constant assurance of a God who walks with us in our offices, our factories, our shops, our religious affiliation is no different from our membership in a P.T.A., a civic group, or any other organization. Too often, our suburban churches degenerate into what a friend of mine calls "ecclesiastical country clubs" with tea parties, bazaars, lectures about gardens, and almost every activity other than the main job—that of being a powerhouse of deep, spiritual comfort and renewal. True, there is value in belonging to social groups—but this is religious activity at its lowest level—not its highest.

Yet, some religious groups have adopted restrictions as to who may worship with them. We know of the men in history who were burned at the stake for denying the "official" faith.

"We burned them first, then later built statues of them," an English bishop said to me as he pointed to a fine monument in honor of the martyred Latimer. Truly spiritual Christians must recoil with horror at the thought of consecrated priests torturing their fellow Christians with unspeakable criminal and depraved torments decreed by the Inquisition which murdered the mistaken faithful in the name and for the glory of Christ. We are told that the master inquisitor, Torquemada, ordered the execution of over ten thousand people. In Provence an entire population was destroyed by these unholy defenders of the Holy. And in an earlier day, Christians and Moslems enforced their religious beliefs on others with a bloody sword.

Today, organized religious groups neither burn nor lacerate the unwanted, but discriminate nevertheless in denying religious fellowship. I can recall with hot indignation mixed with sorrow the criticism I got from an official of my church because I invited a distinguished Negro to talk in our white church. We need a religion which truthfully practices love for everyone—regardless of race, creed, or color. I know of certain individuals who have been attracted to Christianity because a carpenter, named Jesus, gave his life for his brothers in an act of supreme love. "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend," says the Christian scripture. But many of those who go to Christian churches soon withdraw in disgust because of what many Christians do to their brothers.

Men often find more affection in a saloon than in a church. "When we moved into the town and began attending church services," a friend once told me, "the rulers of the little cliques in that parish began prying into our personal affairs: where we came from, our 'society' rating, and the size of my income. But when I stopped at the local bar for a drink, nobody asked me a thing—they just accepted me,

were quite friendly, and respected my privacy." Obviously, religion means more than mere affection or social acceptance, but unless universal fellowship is at the heart of organized religion there remains nothing but the dry bones of meaningless doctrines.

There is healing in fellowship and especially in sincere faith. Religion has always considered the healing of our minds as part of its function; as a matter of fact, religion is the father of medicine. But too often, instead of religion relieving our worries and emotional ills, our experiences in church and synagogue stir up guilt and anxiety and keep us emotionally ill. There are countless numbers of individuals whose emotional ills are heightened by scolding preachers who paint lurid hells for sinners and inflame ulcers and disturb minds.

I frankly admit that in my own ministry, I undoubtedly aggravated excessive guilt by sermons in which I painted pictures of God who took revenge on our sinful souls. In my early days, fresh from seminary, I frequently preached against sin, the flesh, and the devil. But despite my good intentions, I hardly, if ever, took account of the emotional turmoil already burdening many in the congregation who were ill from violated ideals, hate, fear, loneliness, and the need of forgiveness. "Be ye perfect" I would exhort, never for a moment thinking that the inability to be perfect had brought the people to church to find the way and the courage to do just that very thing. God forgive me for those wonderful opportunities lost! My seminary taught me nothing about the emotional problems of normal human beings, or how to help heal those with emotional troubles. The value of psychiatric principles of mental health were barely mentioned. Today, an increasing number of clergymen and theological students are learning about psychiatry and psychology. Under Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish auspices,

pilot courses in mental health are being prepared for their respective seminaries. It is hard, pioneering work. Thus far only a tiny percentage of the half million ordained clergymen and religious workers in this country have adequate knowledge of our emotional needs and processes.

Too few clergymen realize that part of their job is to help comfort our minds, distressed and torn by reality. Too often, the worship service is a temporary escape from the hard, bitter facts of life. The Gregorian chants, the stained glass, the soft voice of the leader—all divert our minds from ourselves and provide a palliative which relieves us of the necessity of really coming to grips with the faults and weaknesses mixing up our lives. In many churches and synagogues, the hour together is not much more than a trip to a spectacle or a secular entertainment. Many don't believe half of what they hear.

Modern man is searching for a religious faith, but first he must be given religious clarity. Religious faith is never a surrender of reason. Religious groups cannot hope to attract our interest until they make crystal clear to us the truth, and if possible, the proof, behind their teachings. To insist on doctrines which good scholarship can easily refute is to prostitute the intellect; to demand faith in what reason must reject is to pervert faith. Faith is not placing my trust in something I cannot believe. Faith is putting my trust in things I cannot see. But all too often, traditional orthodoxy outrages one's sense of honesty and truth.

Today, we live on a battlefield of inquiry. We must not be forced to listen to religious leaders who call us back to the old religion of our forefathers and demand that we accept the religious explanations of yesterday. "Give me the old-fashioned religion," some of our friends say, as if to infer that anything new in religious experience is not authentic. These preachers are the midgets of the faith. They are

afraid to think, afraid to doubt. They must surround themselves with the stale ideas of other people. That is how religion dies. There has never been a religion in history which did not begin with the denial of the sacred precepts of another religion. So it was with Judaism. And with Christianity, too.

When our religious leaders present to man a religion which does not ridicule his intellect, yet justifies a high adventure in faith, it will draw men as religion has never drawn man before. This is especially true today when scientists, psychiatrists, and other physicians, realizing the power of spiritual things, are looking to organized religion for help and guidance.

There is no particular need for one universal religion, or the destruction of the wonder or astonishment of religions, but it is urgent that we begin to achieve a common religious spirit in which love for each other will be only less supreme than our love for a God in whom we can really believe. God is not only the God of history—he is also God today! The Supreme Force is not locked in ancient scriptures or the myths of history, but is alive in the world—now, working without cease to teach us new things about life and about ourselves. All too often our religions have concerned themselves with only two places—earth and heaven, disregarding other planets, stars and moons. The Universe is big. There may have been another Universe before ours. We are on the verge of expanding the whole cosmos, with new galaxies, planetary seas, and even perhaps discovering life on the other side of the moon. Somehow we must get our God out of our little houses and let him breathe. What God is revealing to us today may be more important than what he said to us yesterday. Surely, we know more about medicine today than we did generations ago, and about human nature, too. God is in the hydrogen atom, the satellites, in the

United Nations—in the heart of each of us this very hour.

Organized religion has helped to put religion in shackles but it can be freed. Despite its faults, religion contains the most wonderful blessings for man he has ever known. And mankind can never repay the debt to countless saints who have kept precious truths alive. These men of God are the most important statesmen of our day. The walls of religious prejudice and the rotting cellars of myth and superstition are beginning to collapse. In our climactic age, religious isolation is as dangerous as political isolation. Our religious life is still widely identified with institutions which preach unconvincing theories, and in which love is not yet King. Religion, to be effective, must be a living force. But above all, man must drink from the common chalice of love. In each of us is the light of love; the purpose of life is to surrender to it. For only by man's love of himself, his neighbor, and his God, can our eternal destiny be fulfilled, and a religion be carved in the realm of time which will be truly divine. Then religion will heal, for it, too, will have been healed.

Chapter Four

FACING DEATH

I once asked a psychiatrist what things people fear the most. He thought a moment as if to review his experiences with those he had treated and then replied, "In almost every person we stumble upon two types of fear. The two basic fears men must deal with are *fear of madness* and *fear of death*."

Most of us will not go mad, but all of us must die. The simple, stark, realistic truth about ourselves is that we cannot live forever. When we shall die is largely a matter of circumstances beyond our control, but the fact that one day we shall cease to live is inescapable. We can retard death, but eventually our final hour is as certain and natural as the womb which gave us birth. Whether we expire suddenly or slowly, each of us must face the fact that one day this combination of body, mind, and soul which we call Self will completely disappear into the mystery of death and the life given to us by nature will be given back to her. Each of us is a guest in nature's world. One day, our visit will be ended.

And yet despite our knowledge that the road through life is a mixture of joy and suffering, man has never quite reconciled himself to his natural fate. Freud made the subject of death one of his most important studies and said that we all instinctively seek to die. But many psychiatrists reject Freud's

theories concerning our urge to finish life. Indeed, no other creature tries to hold onto life as does man, but we cannot live forever. Science, medicine, religion: none can prevent the final hour when consciousness must leave our body and the power we call life will no longer keep our heart at work.

Still, did you ever think what strange creatures we would become if we were unable to die? Six hundred years ago, Johannes von Saaz studied what effect longevity would have on the mind if we could somehow survive far beyond our normal span of life. He concluded that our minds and emotions would become so frustrated that life would be unbearable. Apparently, there is something in nature which decides when each of us has tolerated about as much as we can take of mental tension, and of the loss of physical strength in a declining body. Then we die.

"We know so little about death," a psychiatrist told me. "Practically no one seems to be interested in a scientific inquiry in this experience each of us must share," he said. Psychiatry can be no help in enlightening us concerning events beyond the grave. This is the province of religion. When the nervous energy which charges the mind dies, our psychoanalysis is finished. Psychiatrists are experts who deal with only a fragment of our spirit. Psychiatry is a science—not a philosophy. Why we are alive and the nature of our destiny after death are problems for religionists.

"My patients want to know about heaven and hell," I was once told by a psychiatrist. "What can I tell them?" he asked. We cannot expect psychiatry to provide the answers about immortality, but psychiatry can help our emotions to accept the plain fact of our departure. No experience we share is as much charged with emotion as the situation of death. In a recent study of the dying patient, Eissler points out that the fact of dying is so burdened by prejudice, fears and traditional beliefs, that most of us invariably respond to it with

recoil. But in a sense all of us die every day when we fall asleep and enter a period of darkness and silence. Yet few of us are frightened as we lie on our pillows and await the advent of unconsciousness.

"But," you will say, "death is different from falling asleep." Most people dislike any discussions about death, but I have found that when they do talk about it, there are certain feelings that they all have about it. In the first place, they don't want to know when they might die. Sick people, particularly those aware of their fatal disease, often have some idea of how much time they have left. But for the average person to approach the final hour in full knowledge that this is the end is almost beyond human endurance. Prisoners condemned to die are rarely told the hour of their execution in order to spare them the pains of anticipating the shot which will be fired into their bodies or the noose which will end their lives above the sprung trap.

I have seen many patients live when they were supposed to die. Doctors will freely admit that the urge to live has often restored life to our sick friends. I recall a doctor who told me of a patient who was dying of cancer. "He knew he was seriously ill," he said, "especially when the priest administered the last rites." The day after the priest's visit, the patient said, "Doctor, I've decided to get well." Three months later the patient left the hospital. The cancer had disappeared. Hospital records bear testimony to many hopelessly sick patients who shook off their illness and in a short time were healed. Physicians are aware of the powerful emotions which can make us live or hasten our death. Psychiatry, by enabling us to hope, and religion by giving us something to hope for, have much to teach us when we come to terms with sickness or are confronted with some critical tragedies ahead.

Like birth, death is merely a natural incident. But this

fact alone rarely calms the fears of each of us at the thought of a future unpredictable and unknown. Why do these thoughts disturb us? Is it because we are afraid of the physical suffering which may torment our bodies or the thought of lying in agony of mind? Or are we afraid of what may happen when we leave our mortal bodies and enter the kingdom of the unknown?

As a minister, it has been my duty to be at the bedside of many souls and watch them die. Sometimes, death comes after a long and restless sleep, but seldom have I seen deep pain marked on the face of the patient. Nature has its own way of weaving a spell of quiet to calm the fevered brow or aching nerves with a gentle elixir of natural sedatives. The closing breath is rarely, if ever, painful. Even before the final hour, nurses give us sedatives which furnish us with peace of mind and body until nature provides its own tender narcosis and puts us into deeper sleep. True, many people die in convulsions of pain, but this is not the usual way of dying. In accidents or traumata of different sorts, unconsciousness comes swiftly. As a matter of fact, most of us have already endured much more suffering than we shall experience at death.

Because we are all aware of our ultimate end, we become particularly apprehensive when we become ill, especially if we are taken to the hospital. Any sickness is a real test of our mental health and basic maturity. I have seen top executives whimper like children as they lay in fear on their sickbeds. No longer is the boss in command of his industrial empire—now he has been brought face to face with the Chief Executive of the Universe. I have listened by the hour while these prominent citizens have talked about themselves, their families, their children and their jobs. You readily discover the depth of character, of courage, of honest spirituality when such a man moves from the Empire State Building to the

Medical Center. The state of the inner man is vastly stirred as he is confronted with his disease, waiting for the laboratory reports and an accurate diagnosis, and uncertain about his length of days.

Those of us who have been privileged to serve as chaplains in the big city hospitals, come much closer to the simple realities of life than in our work with well people. In the first place, there is an honesty about the sickroom which cannot be denied. The sham is usually stripped from the face, and the soul becomes as bare as the plain, clean walls. The greatest common denominator in the world is the sickbed. Yet occasionally, someone tries to bolster up courage by hanging onto material possessions. I recall one haughty patient who insisted on rearranging all the furnishings of her hospital suite in preparation for her stay. Her physician, unwilling to upset her already high-strung emotions prior to the serious operations, secured permission from the hospital authorities for these unusual arrangements. Special curtains of her choice were hung, and the plain white muslin sheets and pillow cases removed from the bed and in their place, percale tinted in pastel shades were substituted. A beautiful silk bedspread was brought from her Park Avenue residence, special chairs installed, and floor and table lamps placed in the room. In addition to her private nurses, she insisted on her personal maid being in attendance each day.

But the bowel infirmity which she suffered was no different from the colon obstruction of the Polish immigrant in the large ward below. Although she had tried to move Park Avenue into the hospital, the plain facts were there to see—a human being, stripped of health, lying ill, and a bare body awaiting the invasion of a surgeon's knife. Her disease was the same as the Polish patient's but her values were different. Her position in the Social Register, her wealth, her spoiled-brat attitudes—none of these things could hide the simple

truth that she was an ordinary human being. But there was no confidence in her soul, no spiritual security in her heart. And it was getting a bit too late to try to put some new values into that heart!

There is a democracy about sickness like a great wind which bends every stalk of wheat to its will. I have noticed that many people act differently when sick than when healthy. Usually they become more kindly, less aggressive, less domineering. Those who act like children really are children—emotionally. Sickness has a way of taking our clothes off and baring our real self. And when we are confronted with the face of death, we are blessed if we have lived a decent, clean, honorable—yet a full and rich life in love and charity with man and our God.

For sickness—and with it, the possibility of death—will need strong mature emotions and a belief in high spiritual values if we are to be spared unnecessary agony of mind and body. Faith in self, a trust in something beyond self, too, and the assurance of those who love us, are the necessary ingredients for courage as we move into illness.

Should a doctor tell a dying patient the truth about his illness? Fear of the unknown future—even when we are healthy—is upsetting, and illness heightens our sense of anxiety. Outwardly we may express the false smiles of hope, but inwardly we are afraid of what the X ray will reveal. Is it cancer? Has our heart been irreparably damaged? Are we faced with an operation?

We look in vain for some indication of the final diagnosis. We ask the nurse some sly questions to glean the truth. "Have the reports come in?" we ask the interns as they make their rounds. We even apprehensively scan our meal tray and try to figure out what kind of illness limits our lunch to a soft diet. And then our doctor enters the room and we get a sinking feeling in our stomach. We breathe a sigh of relief

when he tells us that he has not yet studied all the reports! We fear the truth! Thank God, we have been reprieved!

So many of us keep insisting that we would want the doctor to tell us the whole truth if we were suffering from a fatal illness. But doctors know better. Experience has taught them that most people are not prepared mentally, emotionally, or spiritually to accept the truth about their approaching death. When we entrust our physicians with the management of our terminal illnesses, they alone are responsible for the comfort and the relief of their patients, including our peace of mind.

There is a growing tendency among doctors today to take the patient and the family into their confidence. In our day, we have learned so much about medicine and disease that it is not so easy to conceal the true nature of an illness from a patient as was possible some decades ago. Some doctors know that if they do not play it straight from the beginning, the patient is apt to become anxious. Then recovery becomes more difficult.

"The question we ask ourselves," a doctor told me, "is whether the information we give to the patient will help him in his recovery or impede progress." He went on to say that in every case of serious illness the problem of communicating the facts involves the patient, the family, and the doctor. "We first have to think of the effect on the patient, for it is well known that most individuals are not prepared emotionally to hear bad news. Then there is the family. Are they able to take what is ahead, and can they keep the news from the patient? From the physician's viewpoint, he must use his own best judgment in the face of all the circumstances. After all, the doctor has the full responsibility to keep trying to make the patient well, even when all the odds are against him."

In a recent meeting at the New York Academy of Medi-

cine on the topic, "Should Patients Be Told the Truth About Serious Illness?" it was brought out that there is no standard disease, standard patient, or standard physician and hence it is difficult to approve any standard procedure for guiding the doctor with regard to the wisdom of conveying to his patient medical information concerning serious illness. It was furthermore pointed out that it is an error for doctors to attempt to predict to patients or to members of their families how long a desperately ill patient is going to live. No physician is wise enough to make such a prediction with any precise degree of accuracy.

Many physicians attending the meeting stated that many patients respond to the real truth about their illness with courage and heroism. On the other hand, other doctors spoke about their fears of precipitating depression, despair and even suicide. All were agreed, however, that in the last analysis, the decision to tell the truth about his disease depended on the emotional strength of the patient. If the sick person has little courage, or has even less faith in himself or in anything else, there is no need to aggravate his insecurity with bad news. Many physicians feel that even among intelligent patients, the fear of what may happen to them after they die is far greater than the fear of any suffering caused by lingering illness. Unhappily, many of our religious groups have contributed to this anxiety. They threaten us with hell.

For ages, religions have insisted that in the next world we will be punished for our moral and spiritual failures. The horrors of life after death—such as we find portrayed in Dante's *Inferno*—also appear in religious literature. These hells of religion are much more gruesome than any other chamber of horrors man can conceive. "How can a God of mercy, of forgiveness, of love, cast his children into eternal fire?" is the question many of my friends ask. Eternity is a long time—unending. To be condemned to timeless suf-

fering would hardly be a just penalty for those who have lived but a few score years on earth. Can God be that brutal? T. H. Huxley, the scientist, despite his agnosticism, could resent the vindictive God of religion and say, "The Divine Government is wholly just."

We must learn how to rid ourselves of fear and live in peace undisturbed by the anxiety of death. Deathbed religion is often the last resort of those who are terrified by the approaching unknown. Still, when we hear that our neighbor embraced religion at the final hour after a lifetime of agnosticism, we mustn't conclude that he had never respected religion. I have known dozens of my friends who rarely, if ever, went near a church or a synagogue, but who nevertheless had a conviction about the reality of God. Often, so-called deathbed conversions are a final confession of what the individual had believed all the time, despite his impatience with organized religions.

Most religions offer comfort and courage for the road ahead, but it is equally true that religionists must bear some responsibility for the way they often frighten us as we speculate about the hereafter. For in no human condition are we brought closer to the facts about God than in thinking about death. But religion often betrays us. Many religions charge admission to heaven—so many prayers, good deeds, acts of faith, ritual observance—all essential ingredients for spiritual growth but a cheap form of religion when demanded as a price tag for entry into a geographical region. But is it necessary to go anywhere when we die? If we belong to God when alive, do we not also belong to him when we are dead?

Both Christianity and Judaism teach that spiritual living is a constant, unbroken relationship with God. Promises of earthly success or celestial bribes degrade religion; religion in its finest sense promises no material rewards either here or in heaven. Life has its own way of shaping our characters

and furnishing us with the consequences of our good deeds and our wrong ones. We should not be told that we shall be pitched into burning hells, or eternally deprived of our place with the Creator for defying the rules of organized religious systems. Pure Christianity is a religion of mercy, forgiveness and love—as is Judaism, and indeed, all the great religions of the world.

Psychiatrists are right in cautioning religious groups against provoking excessive anxiety about death and the hereafter which may damage mental health. In comforting individuals about to die, it is sometimes difficult even for a clergyman to reassure them that God is a kind and loving God who understands us, lives with us, and who will forgive us our trespasses. The God of religion which gives us courage to live should also provide us with the courage to die. But this cannot be done by forcing down our throats threats of cruel punishment and other superstitious horrors.

The use of words such as “hell” and “fire” in certain religious literature helps to create a morbid sense of anxiety which makes the prospect of death a most frightening experience. In the quiet of a hospital room, I have often tried to explain that God’s love is greater and more wonderful than the love of those on earth who have sent gifts of flowers and cards. One day a middle-aged patient sent for me. As I stood there in my white chaplain’s coat, she wept as she related how mean she had been to her daughter. “I know I am very sick,” she confessed to me falteringly. “If I die, do you think I will go to hell because I’ve not been kind to my daughter?” she asked. “I know very little about hell,” I told her, “but I think I know something about the love and the forgiveness of God.” I then read her the wondrous words from the Jewish ritual for Atonement Day—“None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.” Her fear gradually changed to hope and once again she could really trust God.

But fear of physical suffering or guilt, or fear of hell, are not the only things which make us want to put off death. For many individuals, the thought of lasting separation from their loved ones is unbearable. Perhaps this is one reason why many religions have sought to comfort the bereaved with hopes of reunion with loved ones in a life beyond the grave. The child with its mother, the loved with his beloved, the husband with his wife—these are precious moments to be preserved—if possible, in the shores beyond the earth. Our liturgies and hymns, our prayers and rituals, our poetry and our songs, all pledge assurance of the day when death shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and we shall at last enter with our loved ones into a life of unending joy.

What are we to say about these hopes—these promises of eternal reunion with our loved ones who have gone before? Of truth, nothing really can be said. Long before he knew how to make clothing to warm his body, man had learned to put hope in a place beyond the sky. The history of religion through the ages is a long testimony to man's faith that when he leaves this mortal earth, he will once again renew his love with those who paved the way in death. Despite the scientific occupation of our day, the classical religions of our culture preserve the ancient hope of heaven with much display. For those who wish to place their faith in creeds of old, the orthodox religions of our fathers will nourish their trust. For others, however, their faith will journey into other realms and find the truth in other thoughts.

Although the deep love which unites two human beings is sacred and joyful beyond measure, there can never be any total belonging to each other. For each of us is a separate entity, a soul in isolation, a being apart from all other beings. Separation by death is not strange, for are we not separated often in life? This is how nature intended it to be—that even as a member of the human colony, we are distinct

and apart, and have a destiny which is all our own. Many individuals cannot face the fact of their own death, or the death of their loved ones because they are not really free. When we are cemented to another person we reveal, in part, a sense of insecurity; we do not wish to be completely alone. We should learn to protect ourselves against excessive self-investment in another person. No one can ignore the deep devotion knitting together two human souls, or dismiss too lightly the basic need of human beings for each other. Each of us has a fundamental need to be needed. Yet we know that someday we must give up our loved ones, even as they must one day give us up. One can easily understand the fear of being eternally divorced from a companion who has helped to make life a little easier, and who has shared the sorrows and joys in a deep bond of love. It is more than most lovers can bear.

Both psychiatry and religion teach that one of the most important things in life we must learn is how to accept the fact of denial or loss. Grief is a severe emotional state which needs to be overcome with mature understanding. If we are to be completely free fully to honor and love Self, to strengthen faith in our own worth, we must be able to deny ourselves many of our most precious assets—even the loss of our most dearly loved ones. Whether it be money, or fame, or sex, or love—the ability to surrender these things is a witness to our power of self-management. Psychiatrists remind us that we must not live as spoiled children, whimpering and whining because we do not always get our own way. This is a sign of emotional instability, a symptom that we have not grown to take our place with adults of our world. Nevertheless, the tyranny of bereavement is a burden most of us must suffer, at least for a while, until relieved by the rebirth of mature self-love and the comfort our friends or religion can give. But in a certain sense, the desire to clutch

our loved ones is a kind of self-pity, almost a complete denial of our worth, or a refutation of the faith and hope and trust we should possess as essential ingredients of character. While it may be a token of affection to extend our grief, it is symptomatic of weakness, too. The rabbis of the Talmud, quoting Jeremiah, declared, "Weep ye not for the dead nor bemoan beyond measure."

When a submarine explosion claimed the life of an eighteen-year-old serviceman, the mother was thrown into a deep state of collapse. For weeks she cried incessantly, barely ate, locked herself in her room. Her poor husband was frantic. "What am I to do?" he pitifully pleaded with me. "She has another son, and me, but she has abandoned everyone." Yet I had never noticed any particular affection the mother had shown to the deceased. As a matter of fact, I had known the boy very well and knew that the mother had favored the other brother. It was obvious that pent-up guilt was now tormenting her, particularly since she could never make up for her real feelings about her dead son. Eventually, the husband threatened to leave her unless she resumed life as a normal person. It took the family physician and a psychiatrist and a year of therapy to restore the mother to health.

Too often, our grief is not for the departed but for ourselves. Thoughts of loneliness, fear of insecurity, and the necessity of supporting ourselves frighten us. Psychiatrists point out that guilt is one of the most common elements in grief. We regret the injustices to our parents, or the hidden hatred we held for our wife. Then comes death, and all our emotions are triggered by the drama of separation. When someone who has been very close to us moves into the shadow of death, we feel the necessity of proving to the world how much the deceased really meant to us. The cold reality of death should honor truth as at no other time, but the fakery in our life often comes freshly alive as we honor the dead

we hated, or cover our guilts with blankets of flowers on the casket. I have known many individuals who have no deep feeling of loss when a parent or a partner dies and is then plunged into guilt because he is forced by his culture to shed some tears when his eyes are quite dry and he is inwardly relieved by his liberation from an annoying relationship.

Once we die, the record of our failures and successes becomes unalterable. This is why some philosophers claim that the moment of death is the most significant time in a man's life. Our life history is now final for all the world to see and judge. We cannot turn back the clock—take time out to correct our errors. What we are, the culmination of countless deeds and thoughts, reaches its climax in the moment in time when natural law takes away our Self and we are left an empty body.

But as surely as we have once lived and breathed the fresh air of life and have dwelt under the everlasting arms of God's love here on earth, we shall also still be under his Providence—even though we know not how or the place of our next adventure. It is not for us to complete the task of our creation. Born from the womb in nature's own time and for purposes of its own, we live a while among other human beings who become our friends or foes. Then we move on, directed once again by the forces of nature. But we are always in the presence of God who has made us and who alone can finish the work of his hand. Immortality is our never-ending life with God on earth, and in the time to come, too. In the Jewish tradition there is the *Mezuman-benschen*, or "grace" recited at meals: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and the Lord shall be his confidence" reads the ancient prayer. No matter what life or death brings to us we can share this tranquility of spirit—trusting in God and resting our soul in his care for ever and ever.

Chapter Five

MAN AND HIS SOUL

The morning air was clean and bright as I walked through the vast grounds of one of the largest mental institutions in the world. Thousands of men, women, and children were locked behind the doors of buildings whose screened and barred windows told the story of confused and bewildered minds. "Tell me," I asked the superintendent, "what is the nature of the illness of most of your patients?" He thought for a moment and then replied, "More than seventy per cent of all my patients are afflicted with one common disease—soul sickness."

Few of us yet realize what makes us emotionally sick. Heredity, we may say, or perhaps some unnatural contortions of our nerves. The new miracle and tranquilizing drugs suggest that there is a chemical deficiency in our blood and that we can heal our emotional troubles by a package from the corner drugstore. In the old days, when our passions and tempers exploded we called it a "nervous breakdown" and usually attributed it to overwork. "Many of these people should never have come here," the hospital superintendent told me. "But something went wrong with their basic philosophy of life," he continued. "Some were never taught how to make the right moral decisions. Others never had an anchor to keep them steady under life's strains." There are many

causes of emotional illness, but there is one clear, stark fact about everyone who is emotionally disturbed—some basic urge which seeks expression is being frustrated. Emotional conflicts are born not only from our secret evils, but also because we have a natural inclination to be good!

All of us become emotionally ill. Just as we have headaches or toothaches, we become depressed, feel hateful, or connive to attract attention so that we can satisfy our fundamental need to be lovable. We lose our tempers and give in to emotional escapades which we would never indulge in if we were in our "right mind." No one escapes the peaks and valleys of emotional difficulties.

If you want to read some fascinating medical history, scan the pages of psychiatry and you will be astounded at the prescribed treatments for troubled minds. Practically nothing has been untried. In the early days, crazy people were believed to be possessed with devils. Astrologers, sorcerers and magicians in Egypt, Chaldea, Greece and Rome employed incantations, strange concoctions, and weird rites to heal man of his madness. Stars were believed to affect our mind and the word "lunatic" reflects the influence of "luna" or moon. Even today, those in love are supposed to be "moonstruck."

Physicians have tried to cure emotional illness by herbs, scalding the patient in hot water, bombarding the confused with cold water forced by high pressure through hoses or pipes, electric shock, and forced confessions. Patients were chained in madhouses and forced to lie unclothed in their own excreta, half-starved and totally neglected. Even in 1547 when the first insane asylum was established in London at St. Mary of Bethlehem, horrible brutalities were practiced on the patients, and tourists came to be amused at the strange behavior of the inmates. Bethlehem became abbreviated to "Bedlam," a word used even today to describe mad confusion.

Although our modern physicians are aware of the close relationships between disease and our emotional thoughts (for instance, we may develop ulcers if we worry too much or have a heart attack from nervous tension), in no branch of medicine do we find as close a relationship between morals and health as in the field of psychiatry. Ever since psychiatry has been practiced, there have been two theories of mental disturbance—a medical one and a moral one. With the possible exception of organic brain syndromes, mental illness involves what we believe about life in general. We can pitch ourselves into insanity by our thoughts, or destroy our mind by immoral behavior which then stirs up violent guilt and self-hatred. A high percentage of mental illness is caused by disease in our morals.

Jung has reminded us why it is important to find a fundamental purpose for living and that we need to hitch our wagon of life to stars of meaning. "About one-third of my cases are not suffering from any clinically definable neurosis," the world-famous psychiatrist writes, "but from the senselessness and aimlessness of their lives." I have a letter that Dr. Jung wrote to me several years ago in which he said, "Religious resources together with psychological knowledge and insight would furnish an illuminating approach toward the solving of many problems of modern man."

As a matter of fact, when we take a look at the meaning of the word "psychiatry" we discover that traditionally psychiatrists are much closer to priests than is commonly known. The word "psychiatry" is a mixture of two Greek words. The first part is "psyche" and the second half is "iatreia." Now the word "psyche" in Greek literature primarily means "soul" instead of "mind." Hence psychiatry means "healing of the soul." Some psychiatrists would object to this definition, but the fact remains that psychiatrists are engaged in freeing the spirit of man so that he can function in a healthy

manner. Analysts do not set bones or perform plastic surgery. Psychoanalysts fix the machinery of the mind by stirring up the self-oiling system, permitting the wheels to run smoothly once again. In other words, they are repairmen of the spirit. Whether on the psychiatrist's couch or in the confessional, the task of the psychiatrist and the priest is to heal the soul. Together, religion and psychiatry can provide us with a moral force which can change mankind.

Mental illness has been called a social disease. Polio is caused by a virus and other diseases are brought about by trauma or infection. But many forms of mental illness are triggered by what people do to each other and how we react to our social institutions. We are apt to judge behavior in the light of the moral codes of the community and type the strange ones "neurotic." A social scientist who was studying the amount of neurosis among prostitutes recently told me, "Prostitutes are not primarily neurotics because of their excessive sex needs—they are lonely people whose values got mixed up or who couldn't find enough control to deal with their inner conflicts or to accept the moral customs of the community."

But let us turn to this definition of psychiatry as the "healing of the soul." Years ago, people talked much more about their souls than they do today. Our souls were considered to be the most important part of us, particularly since the soul was supposed to be related to God in a very special way, and was also the vehicle which went to heaven after we died. Yet there has always been a certain amount of confusion as to what the soul actually is. Some have thought that the word "soul" was just another word for "life." Many objects have life but the life in a human being is somehow different from animals or plants. Philosophers have often termed human life the "soul" to differentiate human life from other forms of life. Our life or "soul" has always been considered sacred

because it came from God. Most religious individuals believe that when we die, the soul leaves the body and returns to the God who gave it.

There are other ideas about the soul which infer that the soul is something like a reception center which receives messages from God and forwards them to us. This is the "inner voice" of the Quakers or the "still, small voice" of the Old Testament.

Many modernists, however, reject these traditional concepts of the soul. "If there is no life after death, why worry about a soul?" they ask. Even though our poems and songs glorify the flight of the soul into heaven, scientists regard most religious concepts of the soul as mere childish fantasy.

The notion of a soul has persisted since the first hours of human history. In almost all early religions, man was thought to have two aspects of his being. In addition to flesh, blood, and bones, he possessed a spirit. Among savage folk, the soul was believed to have a special body of its own, which left the larger body at night and wandered off to spend the evening with some other friendly souls. Some of our tribal ancestors believed that some souls could even take the form of animals.

Today, it is still thought that when we die our souls go to heaven. But religions have not always taught this. In many Indo-European stories, the dead turn into trees. Tales of souls placed inside trees for safety are found in many myths. Other legends relate that when a child is born, its parents plant a coconut tree so that when the child grows up its soul will be found in the tree.

Early man noticed that when a man's breath left him at death he ceased to live. Hence there grew up the notion that the soul was in our breath. When the breath ran out, the soul left with it. The word "breath" also means "spirit" and

even today we hear the soul referred to as the "breath" of life or the "spirit" of life.

Egyptians believed that when we are born everyone receives a ka given to us by a god. When we die the ka leaves us, but returns to visit us occasionally and brings us to life again—for at least a little while! This accounts in part for the respect for the dead body by the Egyptians. Bodies were preserved and food was placed alongside the corpse so that the ka would have something to eat when it returned.

In addition to a ka, each person was thought to have a bai or soul which also left the body at death. Egyptians believed that the soul often existed in the form of a bird and during the funeral might even be sitting with other birds in nearby trees watching the mourners.

Not every religion, however, has taught that each of us has a soul. Gautama, the founder of Buddhism taught that the soul was only an ensemble of sensations, desires and fears. Although he did not believe in a soul, he insisted that there was a karma—a kind of sum total of everything in a personality—and that when one died he became something else and the karma entered this new being—often in the form of an animal.

Among my treasures is a scarab given to me by an Egyptian archaeologist. Over five thousand years old, it is cut into the shape of a small beetle about a half-inch square. These were placed in the tombs of the Egyptians. Egyptians believed that the scarab represented a sacred being which entered the body at birth and abandoned it at death. In a sense the scarab was a symbol of or even embodied a soul. Egyptologists point out that the Egyptian name of the beetle is similar to the word "to be" or "to become." Hence the soul was something which was related to becoming, or growing.

We can see, then, that since the beginning of human

thinking, man has been concerned with that aspect of himself called "spirit" which distinguishes him from other animals. So he conjured a theory about a "soul." The soul occupied the body and influenced his life. But these ancient theories about man and his soul are not in themselves enough to satisfy the modern scientists of behavior and personality.

I have many friends who find religious teachings about the soul something of a stumbling block. "His soul has gone to heaven" usually implies a bundle of ghostly fog ascending into heaven as though tied to a parachute moving upward. Hymns, prayers and liturgies usually refer to the soul as a substance and help perpetuate the belief that the body and soul are two separate entities. But some of us cannot believe this. Today, instead of thinking about the soul as having substance, like spiritual plasma, we are beginning to interpret the soul not as a "thing" but as a *force* inside our mind. If you dig into the writings of the Greek ancients, or the early Christian scholars, you will find that the soul is always related to some kind of natural impulse or instinct which urges us to do the right thing. As we have natural temptations to be evil, we also have natural urges toward being a better person. Here is a concept of the soul which is ancient but amazingly new for our age.

Man's native impulses are considered to be a major cause of his emotional conflicts. A human being is a mixture of many instincts and impulses—so many, in fact, that no one has yet been able to provide an adequate theory as to the true nature of man. But it is simply not true that we are nothing but animals with brute emotions. True, we have many animal instincts and passions. On the dissecting table we can see how similar our human biological, chemical, and nervous systems are to the animals'. But the comparison ends there. For although we have base desires, we also have been en-

dowed at birth with impulses toward the Good. The mind seems to be seeking certain goals in the direction of human betterment. Man can create value systems and has the power and often the desire to strive toward spiritual goals. He can distinguish between morality and immorality; between what he considers good and what he considers bad. Mankind's aspirations are considerable. Indeed, psychiatry implies all this, while religion affirms it.

Each man is born with a jewel more precious than diamonds or sapphires. He has been given a soul, and it is the soul in each of us which determines whether we shall be spiritually sick or well. But our soul also helps to decide if we are to be mentally sick or mentally well. If we frustrate the soul we get sick. Psychoneurosis means that our soul is in agony. Something has interfered with the journey of Self and our spirit is in a strait jacket. Let me tell you a story.

A chap whose name we shall not reveal, was tormented by sexual feelings which violated his religious training. His parents were deeply religious and instilled in his growing personality from early childhood a sense of integrity and truth. When he was in his early adolescence, he engaged in sex play with his girl chums, but with mixed feelings of curiosity and guilt. From then on until ten years later when I met him, he increased his sexual experiments, and despite his continued religious loyalties and deep integrity, engaged frequently in heterosexual experiences. Several times he fell in love, but something inside made him shy away from marriage.

When he was about twenty-two, he began to suffer from terrible nightmares. Furthermore, he became so egotistical that his conceit interfered with his chances for promotion at his job; in addition, he began to lose many friends. Shortly afterward, he became paranoid and experienced delusions of grandeur and persecution. He was arrested for attempted

rape, and soon found himself in a state mental hospital. His clinical data is too lengthy to outline here, but after a long period of analysis, it was obvious that the struggle between his high sense of morals planted and nourished in his mind by his parents, and his sexual curiosity and normal instincts, had created a fearsome struggle in his mind which not only landed him in the hands of the police but in a mental hospital.

① ✓ All during his adolescence, youth, and early manhood, his sense of integrity had remained intact. Yet he knew that his sexual escapades were contrary to his moral upbringing. His mental illness was not due to illicit sex, but to the weakening of his sense of integrity; integrity, which here is meant as a unity between morals and action, was the basic cornerstone on which his whole personality was erected. The weakening of his major foundation was driving him into insanity. His increased love of self was symptomatic of his unconscious need to remain someone worthy of respect.

In a sense, here is the drama of good and evil. His parents had started his psychic processes in the direction of goodness and truth. After some years, the early striving after goodness began to get pushed off the track by an opposite force. This confused the engineer (the soul) and the engineer began to weaken and get sick. Jung has defined neurosis as "the illness of the soul that has lost its direction." Fortunately, integrity was so deeply ingrained in his mind, together with rich spiritual resources, that the psychiatrist had a firm foundation on which to build a pattern of therapy. Once the threat to the patient's integrity was removed, his tensions and conflicts relaxed and he became well. As a minister, I was able to reassure him of his fine worth as a person, and maintain his faith in religious things. Today he is a good workman, a fine member of his community, and happily married.

One of the earliest teachings of Judaism is that the soul

which God gavest to man is pure. Before we were nourished in the womb of our earthly mother, God had nourished us in the womb of time. At our birth, a fragment of eternity was formed into flesh. In the flesh there evolved a mind. God breathed into us the breath of life and we became the house of a soul. "And God saw everything that he had made and, behold, it was very good." So writes the author of Genesis. We began with a soul—for it came from God. The Jewish story of the making of man implies that our human instincts are basically good. According to these profound insights from Judaism, the soul of man is forever struggling with bad desires in a conflict between the *yetzer hara*, the "evil inclination" and the *yetzer hatov*, the "good instinct." This struggle is what gives rise to our modern neurosis, for every neurosis is an attempt to compromise an inner battle of the mind.)

We have been equipped by our humanity to differentiate between human behavior which we term "moral," and that which is "immoral." Viktor E. Frankl, the distinguished Viennese analyst, said to me one day, "Moral values are intrinsic to man's existence." The urge to improve, the trend toward more self-control, the movement from earth toward heaven as seen in man's thrust after God—these are characteristics which mark man and make him different from any other living creature. Nobel Prize winner, geneticist Hermann J. Muller apparently has no scientific difficulties in affirming, "Through the unprecedented human faculty of long range foresight, we can increasingly avoid the missteps of blind nature, circumvent its cruelties, reform our own natures, and enhance our values."

How do we account for this urge for human improvement? This is a difficult question to answer. Religionists will assert that it is God in man which is thrusting him upward. Scientists no doubt would attribute man's virtue to his higher level in the process of evolution. Indeed, the very fact that

man can have a word "value" in his vocabulary is a significant observation on his uniqueness in comparison with other forms of life.

Whenever I have been asked to define what I mean by the soul, I have said that as far as I have been able to learn from my studies in theology and psychology, "The soul is man's innate disposition toward the Good." Our souls as well as our bodies come from The Great Creator. When our urge toward the Good is blocked, the frustration may easily cause us to become mentally ill. The soul must be allowed to function in its natural way; we must not try to stop our natural tendency to grow in moral and spiritual strength.

Obviously, moral and spiritual values change from culture to culture. It is obvious that the definition of what "good" is will depend, in part, on our experience and acquired social knowledge. We have not been lucky enough to have been born with a device like an IBM machine which sorts all kinds of human behavior and classifies it into two categories—good and bad. What is good for you may be bad for me. Many things our parents considered sinful are no longer thought to be so. Concepts of what is right and what is wrong change with the years and differ from country to country. The soul doesn't define what is right or wrong, but is a natural disposition which encourages us to select the way of life which makes our days a better experience.

For instance we have a natural urge for physical and mental renewal and growth. Each of us would rather be strong than helpless. We have tremendous potentialities for creativity. Furthermore, the urge for self-realization is one of the most powerful forces in our being. We have an innate disposition for adaptation—we are able to make certain adjustments which will enable us to be more at ease with ourselves, our neighbors, and our universe. The word "disease" means that we are not at ease with ourselves—that we are not adapt-

ing well to new situations. The human urge to adapt is one of the most wonderful characteristics of our nature and is another thrust toward our betterment. In scores of human functions, man seems to be seeking to become better tomorrow than he was yesterday. This striving, this urge, is the human soul, given to us by nature to fulfill the destiny carved out for us by the great Mystery of Life.

Our basic urge toward the Good can be seen in the power of love. No other force exerts as much influence over our minds and bodies as the need to give love and the need to be loved. Love is a gift of an essential part of self, in a spirit of deliberation and freedom. It is the most noble act of which a human being is capable. Man is ordained to be a creature of love who can think of others even more than he thinks of himself. He has the capacity for sacrifice, for noble deeds, for unselfishness and even saintliness. Man was not created to move backwards to the primal animal of the swamps or to the life of a fish in the sea. Man was born to apprehend beauty, truth, and goodness—to grow spiritually as he also grows mentally.

There are many psychiatrists today who feel that if we attempt to deny our innate disposition for betterment we can trigger severe neurosis and even psychosis. Anxiety comes, in part, from a denial of one's essential self. When we become neurotic, it means that we are trapped in some kind of frustration. We are being prevented from acting out our true nature. The job of the psychiatrist is to help one regain spontaneity, or as Karen Horney puts it, "to give him the courage to be himself."

We live in an age of shocking pessimism, in which nations have difficulty living with nations because men have not learned how to live with men. Sputniks, guided missiles, germ warfare, and the horror of nuclear fallout have aroused mortal fear that our homes will be blasted from the earth,

and our bodies defiled and destroyed by unknown chemicals. For decades now, we have been told by psychologists and psychiatrists that every one of us contains a beast in his primitive unconscious and that there is little we can do about it except try to keep our real, animal self in check. "What the hell" is a common theme of our day.

Our behavioral scientists have cautioned us about our human weakness and our evil. But we need statesmen and scientists who will shout from the rooftops of the world that man is good, that he has enormous powers ready to be harnessed to good deeds and decent human relationships; that he can live in dignity, in honesty, with self-respect and in peace with himself, his neighbor and his Cosmos.

Frankl is right when he insists that man lives in three dimensions: the somatic, the mental, and the spiritual. He doesn't mean that to be spiritual a man must be a Jew, or a Buddhist, or a Christian or even belong to any religious group. But it is patently obvious to anyone whose mind is open to truth that "The spiritual dimension cannot be ignored for it is what makes us human." Animals cannot philosophize about the meaning of their existence or conceive moral goals. That which differentiates man from animal is simply this—man has both the urge and the capacity to give spiritual and moral meaning to his life. In one bold stroke of imagination, man soars above the living creatures of the soil and consorts with the spirits of angels and with God.

Religion and psychiatry meet on common ground in their ministry to the soul; the task of the psychotherapist is to keep the soul well, and that of the priest to save the soul. From religion's point of view, our innate urge toward Goodness is what nature, or God, has planned for us. "To gauge the soul we must gauge it with God," writes the mystic Eckhart, "for the Ground of the Soul are one and the same."

From psychiatry's point of view, a healthy mind is one which is free to grow in the direction which is best for the person. The tragedy of our day is that too many individuals have sclerosis of the soul. Many people try to kill their soul; the inconvenience necessary for moral and spiritual growth is too great.

A prominent medical scientist recently told me that his research had revealed that people who are most sick mentally and physically, are those who seem to have lost their essential direction in life—people who are frustrated, disappointed, dissatisfied, discouraged. Those who seemed to be in tune with their goal-directed impulses were less troubled and less anxious. This seems to bear out what I have noticed in my work as a clergyman. In almost every instance, people who seek my help about their family troubles, their uncertainties, their frictions and tensions between themselves and their neighbors, are suffering from spiritual disorientation. Many of us shift from one moral level to another, hardly aware of the havoc created in our minds by conflicting values and behavior. Psychiatrists warn that if we run counter to our basic personality pattern, our "essential style of life," we create in ourselves severe emotional disturbances. A stable person has a good mooring mast, which can move around with the tide, but is firmly set on the bottom of the sea.

Years ago, psychiatrists were commonly known as "alienists." When we are emotionally ill we are alienated from our real, essential self—separated from our main stems. Religion, too, is concerned with alienation. It teaches that a soul can become estranged from God; the soul then becomes spiritually sick. Soul sickness and mind sickness are relevant to each other—both have to do with alienation or separation from the core of the Real Self.

We need a consistent, sustaining and integrating way of life motivating everything we do. Recently when a plane

lost contact with the airfield because its electrical apparatus went dead, it wandered around in the fog for nearly three hours before the pilot recognized some landmarks. Many passengers were terrified when they learned they were out of contact with the steady signals which guided the huge ship. A skillful landing at the airport ended the nightmare cruise.

So it is with life. We must have a guiding purpose, rooted in a constructive and good way of life. Paul Tillich reminds us that one of the tragedies of our times is that many people have no real ground or reason for existence. Modern man has deliberately tried to live his life while ignoring nature's intent that he be holy, and pays for it in emotional, physical, and economic tragedy.

To save a soul means more than preserving it for a future heaven. It means to restore a mind to sanity, to set in motion once again impulses toward betterment, to release the soul from the seaweeds of disease and disharmony. Religion is not the only factor which can save a soul. Psychiatry, too, has a role to play in salvation. Doctors will say that the mind has been healed, while religionists will speak of the soul being saved by Grace. Still, all power of healing and salvation comes from God.

A soul nourished by moral and spiritual living is the best weapon against mental or emotional illness. We cannot afford to go through life suppressing our natural urge to become creatures of nobility. Life is more than a search for pleasure or avoidance of pain. Life is a search for meaning—and our ability to be a transcendental being should not be ignored. We have the capacity and the innate desire to be decent persons. We must not remain children chained to base, primitive impulses but take our rightful place with men of spiritual distinction.

Self-discipline, high morals, respect for self and others, and loyalty to the high ideals of the community in which

we live make for spiritual living and good mental health. But we must also have a basic reason for living—a basic belief, an ultimate concern.

When we drift aimlessly through life, without high motives, without any loyalty to something bigger than ourselves, we are not only estranged from ourselves but also separated from the real reason for our being alive. We violate the soul, the most sacred gift with which nature has endowed us. We need to grow spiritually, to operate from a spiritual center within, and this is our soul. Then our days will glow with meaning, with courage, with hope and faith and confidence too, for we will be at home with Self and Self will rest in God which also means Good.

Chapter Six

UNHEALTHY RELIGION

Is it true, as many psychologists and psychiatrists would have us believe, that we become religious because we have sick minds? At night when we say our prayers, or in the morning at Mass or Atonement, are we the slaves of some inner, neurotic fear, which makes us clutch at religion simply because we haven't the courage to stand on our own feet? For years, I never doubted that religion always made the mind strong and well. Today, there is indisputable evidence that religion can make us very sick, especially when it is misused.

When Freud flatly stated that the practice of religion was a universal mental sickness, he lit a fire under religion which still smolders. When I was in college in the mid-thirties, there was some considerable body of opinion that psychology had explained religion away. "God is merely the projection of the mind," I was told by the professor in my psychology class. Today, arguments still go on between psychiatrists and clergymen as they battle to defend Freud or God. "Psychoanalysis has dissolved religion," I heard a famous scientist say in a recent lecture. "Religion is nothing but the manipulation of a neurotic delusion." He went on to say that most of us who are religious have never grown up; our need for God, fear of divine punishment, and a hoped-for eternity in Heaven, are signs that we are still children.

Freud backed up his arguments against religion with thousands of clinical histories gathered from patients he had treated. Later, William James in his monumental *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, also linked religion with mental disorder and showed how religion often helps to keep one neurotic. In my own work among thousands of religious people, there is clear evidence that the way some people practice their religion is closely linked up with masochism, sadism; with psychotic and neurotic emotional disorders.

I have seen individuals who suffer in the name of religion, not to the glory of God, but to ease inner torment and shame. I have also watched so-called holy men inflict cruel mental torture on those who challenged their authority, or upon others who differed from the faith. Then there are those whose religion aggravates delusions and hallucinations—visions, they are called. And although each of us from time to time has neurotic episodes, many neurotics use religion to hide their weaknesses, making their religion a cloak or a defense behind which they can harbor their evil impulses. Religion can, of course, protect and further emotional health. But religion is not a panacea for all kinds of ills, and, as Robert P. Odenwald, a prominent Roman Catholic psychiatrist, has said, "Not every kind of religion is conducive to mental health."

One of the most memorable Good Fridays I ever observed was in Spain. For centuries it has been the custom in Spanish cities and towns to have a religious procession on Good Friday, depicting the suffering of Christ as he marched toward his crucifixion. The late afternoon was hot even for a spring day in Barcelona. All day pilgrims had been pouring into the city from the outskirts of the town, and the barriers and chairs had been placed on both sides of La Rambla de las Flores, the wide, tree-lined boulevard in the center of Barcelona. By the time the procession began, over a hundred

thousand Spaniards jammed the promenade and the adjoining parks.

The celebration began with hundreds of black-hooded women carrying lighted candles which created an eerie scene in the darkening twilight. Then came single lines of men and boys who were gowned in long, black robes. Bands played funereal music to the accompaniment of muffled drums, and floats drawn by young men bore holy images and relics. Priests and nuns mingled with the marchers and soon the pavement was agleam with the hot wax dripping from a thousand candles. Suddenly the heavy beat of drums could be heard in the distance and over the heads of the spectators I could see a mass of huge, wooden crosses. What followed was almost unbelievable.

In a few moments a lengthy procession of men and boys came into sight carrying heavy crosses large enough for their own crucifixion. The weight was unbearable. Many wore crowns of thorns which pierced their scalps, the blood trickling down their faces to stain the pavement. A man fell. Three marchers came to his aid and helped him to his feet and once again hung the arm of the cross over his shoulder, to be dragged another mile. An old woman passed by, heavy chains clamped to her bare feet as she trudged through the soft candle wax and the hot manure of horses which carried men dressed as Roman soldiers. A girl, still in her adolescence, and robed in white, had fastened a long chain so tightly to her instep that streaky red stains from her bloody feet cooled the pavement for the next woman in the procession carrying another cross. For two long hours the penitents wearily struggled by, some collapsing or pausing only long enough for a sip of wine until their atonement was finished. This self-immolation, this neurotic yearning for self-punishment, this torture to lessen guilt by letting blood, was not religion, but pagan cruelty.

The pages of religion are replete with accounts of penitents who tortured their flesh for the faith. There is some value in fasting or in depriving oneself in the name of religion (but not by substituting lobster for corned beef hash on Friday), but if one is to fast, it should be for the purpose of strengthening spiritual powers, not for the sake of enduring physical torture. Excessive self-punishment is "masochism," a dangerous form of emotional disorder. Yet there are Christian groups who encourage masochistic practices by condoning extreme expiation. In my own denomination, the continuous emphasis on unworthiness comes dangerously near to self-hate.

I cannot believe that God ever intended that we should beat ourselves into holiness. True religion seeks a changed heart, not scarred bodies or crippled minds. "Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering" the Psalmist writes. "A contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Religious groups which contribute to excessive or morbid guilt among their members must bear some responsibility for the increase of mental and emotional sickness now sweeping the country, and for the inner tensions which plague many of us.

There is not only a subtle masochism which is encouraged by religious groups but also a sinister sadism. Sadism, as defined by psychiatry, is an emotional satisfaction that comes from inflicting pain on others. One theory is that sadism, like masochism, is a form of sexual perversion. One of the ways in which it expresses itself among religious persons is in neurotic needs for authority and power. In religion, sadistic attitudes can be seen in bigotry, in prejudice, in attempts to exploit or manipulate not only those who belong to the religious group, but those outside of the organization, too. Gordon W. Allport, the Harvard psychologist, recently told me that current studies seem to indicate that there is more prejudice among members of organized religions than among most

other groups in the country. Foreign observers find something most unusual in the fact that in the so-called "Bible Belt" of the South, racial hatred is stronger than anywhere else in the country. Quite often, the need to hate is marked among the pious.

As a young preacher, I often preached about hypocrites. Despite my own shortcomings, I was perplexed by those who came to my church and yet could remain so mean, so double-faced, so cruel to people in moral difficulties. I comforted my own black-and-white behavior with some honest analysis; at least I had some idea why I did some of the things which I did. But so many in the church didn't seem to realize that their pietism was blinding them from their real self.

I recall a chap—a member of my congregation—who derived perverse pleasure from bringing me tales of the immoral behavior of his married neighbor. "Roy should be run out of the church," he angrily demanded. Yet I knew enough about the accuser's own personality to recognize strong, repressed urges to sample the same kind of immoral behavior his neighbor was apparently enjoying. I don't wish to belabor the subject of hypocrisy, for it is common to each of us; more the shame when it operates on our conscious level and we are aware of our contradictory behavior. But the point I am making is that excessive piety is often symptomatic of a serious, unconscious, emotional disorder aggravated by a too rigid religion. Church members need to understand that the very religiosity they espouse may be twisting them into being highly irreligious and sadistic. For example, when I am made excessively guilty by my religion, my condemnation of a sinner is excessive, too. Religious people may not like sinners, but they cannot comfort themselves with the feeling that the sins of the sinner are totally alien from them.

Today we are indebted to psychiatry for providing us with

a clue to the over-zealous pious who whips his neighbor into line. Many of us sense in another person the wicked behavior we, ourselves, repress. It is as though we projected a television image of ourselves into the other person's TV. However, the throwing of our beam into our neighbor is done unconsciously. Then we condemn our neighbor for having such terrible pictures in his TV, totally unaware that we are really seeing an image of ourselves in his picture tube. Psychiatrists term this phenomenon "projection" in which we attribute to another person the highly repressed but dangerous desires we have in the deep, black soil of our unconscious. We usually don't like what we see in our mirrors after a bad night. Neither do we like to see so much of our real self in another person. So we hate him. We try to smash the image. We can't stand what we see. It doesn't matter if the other person is guilty or innocent. Part of our Self is mirrored in him and our need to blind ourselves to what we see, causes us to lash back with hostility. We wish him to be destroyed.

When we attack another person for the same undesirable characteristics we ourselves possess, we partly relieve ourselves of hidden self-guilt. But the shameful things we do to our fellow-men in the name of self-righteousness is a clear reflection of our own fear and guilt about the evil in our own self. There is nothing more shocking than to see the Ku Klux Klan singing hymns around a burning cross while they kindle thoughts of hatred and cruelty for those they dislike.

If our religion creates in us so much guilt that we then must build strong, inner defenses—a wall of self-righteousness—it is not a religion that brings us emotional health. Neither is "piety" meaningful when it gives only the neurotic satisfaction of cruelly condemning and punishing a sinner. Psychiatry gives new, modern weight to the biblical injunction that we are judged by the way we judge others. Gossip

is a form of torture. Some people never believe what they think, but only what they hear.

One of my friends keeps needling me by saying that contemporary religion seems to exist in a vacuum, estranged from the facts of life. "Your church crowd acts as though you can't be a lovable human being unless you go to church," he wryly remarks. There is a sad truth in what he says: there is something unreal about the inability of many religious people to admit a side of life which is "improper." It is good to have our heads in the sky, but we must also see feet and bodies on earth, for it is on the dirt of earth that human beings forever struggle with themselves, become drug addicts, alcoholics, licentious, depraved, and emotionally confused. These are human beings, too, needing great love and forgiveness—not shadows of our own evil and targets for our spears. All too often it is as though the "holy" ones are saying, "Don't soil my white gloves," when the hand within is filthy dirty.

Religion stiffens consciences. That is why religion has been called our best policeman. But a scrupulous conscience can be one of the worst kinds of emotional sickness. Scrupulosity is a form of neurotic anxiety—an obsession or compulsion, like the neurotic need constantly to wash one's hands. The scrupulous individual has an unwarranted fear of sin which puts him out of contact with reality; even the most petty omission drives him into terror. This conflict between emotion and reason is often seen in religious folk who succumb to heart-stopping fear when they forget to fast, or fail to perform certain parts of the ritual. I knew an Anglican priest who became terribly agitated because he had left out part of the words of the Mass during an early service. He became very ill, got a fever, and it took almost a week for his psychiatrist to calm him. His religion, by triggering exces-

sive guilt, had inadvertently contributed to his emotional illness.

Any form of compulsion based on guilt or fear is a detriment to health, whether we are compelled to steal or pray. I heard a clergyman praise a member of his flock because the "devoted" woman never missed a church service. She knew the liturgy by heart. Her psychiatrist could have told the pastor some things which he should have known—that inwardly, the woman was not emotionally free to stay away from church. She was not religious, she was sick. Anxiety and guilt, not her love of God, was driving her to church. We have clinical evidence that many religious conversions are prompted by impending or actual mental illness.

Many young people who have a powerful urge for "conversion" are also suffering from certain obsessive and compulsive ills, which torment them with guilt and make them captives of religion. We all admire young people who want to confirm their desires to live religious and spiritual lives by joining a church or synagogue, but the decision is much more fruitful when it has been made in emotional and intellectual freedom. All too often, religious membership, practices, and observances are motivated by neurotic fear. Then the individual's religion becomes neurotic, too, and stifles his emotional development. Neurotic religion is any kind of religious practice or attitude, the neglect of which will strike terror in our hearts.

One day, to celebrate his birthday, I invited the young son of a friend of mine to a Saturday afternoon Youth Concert. "I can't go," he said. "It's Saturday and I have to go to confession at four o'clock." Suddenly his face lit up. "I can go to confession at seven o'clock when the grownups go," he said happily. "But are children allowed to go to evening confession?" I asked. The boy thought a moment and then said,

"Sure, if we have an excuse. I'll tell him that my Aunt was sick." Now I am not recounting this nice little story to suggest that the lad was neurotic. Indeed, the incident proves how wonderfully normal he was. But grownups who practice their religion mechanically, with no real devotion, and are motivated by deep fear, are neither contributing toward their emotional health or spiritual growth. A talk with the youngster suggesting that he first call the Anglican priest in his parish and get permission to change his confession time, solved the little crisis.

Almost every clergyman, particularly those who listen to confessions, are aware of the misuse of religion in the hands of so many people. Occasional lapses from our religious ideals and duties do not mean that our spirituality is a fake, but that we are just human beings after all. But for many individuals, religion is used as a neurotic defense behind which lies dangerous emotional disturbances. I knew a woman who was a hypochondriac. She had symptoms of paranoia and suffered from a persecution complex; at times she also had illusions of grandeur. Her church provided opportunities for self-glorification when she was elected head of the Women's Group. Over-sensitive and suspicious, she drove many of her church friends frantic, until one day a prominent church member inadvertently hurt her feelings. She was so disturbed by the sting that she promptly resigned from the church and joined another congregation.

Her outward religion was compounded of sickness and cowardice. It was a front to maintain her neurotic needs. Her religion had given her a feeling of importance and fed her starvation for attention. But like all paranoids, she waxed hot and cold. She did not have the courage to come face to face with her unconscious infantile needs for affection that were not being met, nor could she handle her deep sense of guilt. So she decided to take an active role in a religious group.

Her neighbors, impressed with her church activities called her "a fine churchwoman." As a matter of fact, she didn't know herself why she was so attracted to church and its clubs.

I have known many people who have become "religious" in order to avoid being spiritual. The machinery of religious organization which includes public worship, financial "sacrifice," and membership in various activities can provide a smoke screen behind which we can give the appearance of being "religious," yet maintain our hostilities, our immoralities, neurotic self-love, and crude materialistic values. "Religion is a good thing," most everyone will say, but not very many are prepared to alter their whole way of life in order to become a spiritual person. Religion is worthless unless it brings about radical changes in our behavior. Too often our church or synagogue membership is just a cheap substitute for a spiritual conversion. We go through the holy motions by reciting words and bending our knees, but our souls are warped and covered with dead skin.

Many psychiatrists criticize religion because it often prevents emotional growth. For some persons, religion remains intermixed with emotions of childhood; their religious practices and attitudes reflect their immature emotional life. As we grow in years, our childhood religion often fails to keep pace with our calendar. Our early ideas of God, of prayer, of religious authority, of heaven and hell, linger all too long in adulthood to plague our peace of mind and rob us of the freedom we need in selecting a faith consistent with our mature years. Rollo May asks the right questions about religion when he inquires whether our religion serves to break our will, keep us at an infantile level of development, or make us anxious about freedom and personal responsibility. Neurotic symptoms, such as over-dependency, are found in religious behavior. We often lean too heavily on God. Still, this doesn't prove that religion is always neurotic. No one

is completely independent; to live, man needs man. And some of us find that our freedom is increased and strengthened as we learn to mold our characters with spiritual values found in many of the great religions. Indeed, excessive self-sufficiency can be as symptomatic of neurosis as over-dependency.

It is in dealing with problems of repressed guilt that psychiatrists find so many tragic consequences of unhealthy religious practices and immature concepts. Guilt is a healthy experience, for without some sense of failure we would be totally irresponsible. But excessive and morbid guilt produces such overpowering anxiety that our reason becomes confused and our emotions unstable. When religion demands that we repress our emotions with shame, we can be plunged into serious mental illness.

Psychiatrists and other physicians have thousands of cases to prove this fact. There was the deeply religious youth who brutally murdered his sweetheart. His intellect was as good as any of his schoolmates, but in the deep, dark recesses of his mind were stored many normal sexual feelings which his rigid religion had told him were put there by the devil. He attended church every Sunday, and midweek services, too. He read his Bible daily. Then one day all of his repressed forces exploded like dynamite and swept away all his conscious controls, destroying the life of an innocent girl in a ghastly crime. His pastor was amazed. "I don't know why I did it," the boy pitifully wept as he was led away by the authorities. His religion had failed to make him feel that his budding sexual feelings were normal. Instead, he was taught that sex was sin and he so suppressed his feelings that some explosion was inevitable.

All of us use religion to satisfy our psychological needs. If we are emotionally healthy, we shall use our religion in a healthy way. But if our needs are neurotic, we shall make religion part of our neurosis. This is precisely what many

individuals do. Religion is often used to serve compulsive needs, desires which are so persistent that we are forced to yield to them. Many individuals who engage in religious practices go through their religious observances by rote, just as though they were spinning a prayer wheel. They are not religious by choice but by compulsion. They are "forced" to become clergymen by neurotic feelings of guilt or needs for attention or security. They "must" go to daily services or the guilt from offending God will become unbearable. They "must" observe the rituals and the fast days because their earthly parents required them to do so.

One day a psychiatrist asked if I could help him with a patient who had a religious problem. The patient never missed a service of Holy Communion in his church, and he was praised for his deep spirituality. But he had an inner secret which was known only to him and his psychiatrist. Each time he received the Communion wafer (the Host) in his mouth, he would bite into it and grind it to pieces. "I don't know why I do it—I can't help myself," he told his doctor. Psychoanalysis revealed that he had a tremendous hate for Jesus on whom he blamed all his troubles; so he chewed the wafer, the symbol of Jesus, to bits. His religion, obviously, could not be blamed for his aberrations. He was a victim of psychic compulsions which had become attached to his religion; religion then became involved in his neurosis.

I recall a member of my congregation who had a need to boom out the public prayers in a loud voice which almost drowned the intonations of the rest of the congregation. I knew him as a very egotistical, spiteful, and hostile person. His praying was just an outburst of air, a release of psychic compulsion. The more he prayed, and the louder he shouted, the worse his character became; his egotistical defenses hardened and his religious spark disappeared.

There is no religious freedom here. Such persons are reli-

gious because they are not sufficiently free to be irreligious. Little wonder that in so many of these individuals one finds all the earmarks of religion, but no spirituality whatever. Only in freedom—healthy, emotional freedom—can one grow toward godliness. Otherwise, one's religion is mere mechanism with no sincerity or conviction. This is pathological religion. The wrong use of religion has been seen in many clinical studies.

Some people absorb religion like a tape recorder. They record what religion teaches, but they have emotional blocks which prevent them from really understanding what is vital in religion, and they are not able to express what religion asks them to do. They are blind to the requirements of love and compassion, brotherhood and forgiveness. Like an electronic tape, they can play their religion back, name the saints, sing the hymns, and say the prayers, but their souls have not been moved and their minds are nothing more than a cerebral loudspeaker.

When I was a child, my mother taught me to say my prayers nightly. "Dear God, please make me a good boy," I asked every night before I tumbled into bed. I had the idea that in some magical way, God would make me good. As I grew older, in all honesty I knew that I was not becoming a saint, but at least until my adolescence, I believed that God would eventually take most of the responsibility of keeping me half-decent. Now I realize how meaningless many of these childish prayers were. I no longer cajole or wheedle God, or try to hide behind a religious façade and pretend I am religious. I know that none of us can really be a spiritual person unless we rid ourselves of selfish, fear-ridden, blinding neurotic traits. I must accept myself with all my faults for I have learned that God did not make me as perfect as I prayed to be. But I believe I am acceptable to God. I know that I

must love my neighbor as much as I love myself, for he is having a tough time living this life, too. Although I want people to respect me, and to receive some affection, too, I know that it will not always be forthcoming, even when I demand it.

I have no external obligations to pray, any more than I am compelled to play. When my soul has the urge to move heavenward, I know where and how to make the journey and I come back refreshed. I reject and resent theologians or religious philosophies which threaten my rightful freedom, or attempt to manipulate my intelligence. And when I hear preachers who stir up guilt and shame without mercy, I know that in their own minds are serious guilt-laden disturbances which urge them to be cruel and tyrannical in order to relieve them of their own ills.

Whenever religious groups manipulate the emotions of their devotees, there is always the danger of contributing to an individual's emotional instability. In these days of mass movement and Madison Avenue hidden persuaders, religion is ceasing to be a private matter, and, aided by radio and TV, is being sold wholesale to great throngs of people. I recall hearing the evangelist Billy Sunday when I was only ten years old. A wooden tabernacle had been built just off one of the main arteries of my city and the floor sprinkled with sawdust. I sang in the choir of my parish church and all the choirs of the city had been invited to join the mass chorus. So I had a good front seat, partly because I was a child, but no doubt because we wore the black and white vestments, Eton collar, and the black bow tie of the traditional boy chorister. The boys' choir probably added a "dramatic" note to the revival meeting.

The place was thronged. Billy Sunday proudly announced the attendance figures and the number of potential "con-

verts" who could not get into the tabernacle. The choir sang several stirring old-fashioned hymns, the trumpets blew, and soon the mass hysteria was under way. Even as a child I was fascinated by this strange behavior of otherwise normal adults. The managers of the event were experts in developing a psychological climate to sway the audience—now singing, now laughing, now weeping—all in concert. Then, after being told the horrors of hell, and the awful wickedness of our human souls, hundreds of people came forward to receive the "word" and to be saved.

Today, I can better understand than when I was a lad, some of the psychodynamics which operate in these mass evangelical efforts. In the first place, individuals in a crowd tend to become more suggestible, hence more immature, than if alone. In a crowd, emotions and imagination become strong, and the intellect weaker. This is good soil for hysteria, which is quite common among religious people. Hysteria is a form of slipping back to childhood behavior and needs. The imagination is keen, and the need of sympathy and assurances of forgiveness very great. Hysteria is a common form of fear. Apparently, loss of reason under emotional stress occurs both in animals and in humans. When animals stampede, they dash blindly in groups, spurred on by sudden fear. The same emotional contagion as in herds of steer, elephants, and other animals, is experienced by human beings.

Recently I attended a meeting during which an evangelist played on the emotions of the crowd. Like Billy Sunday, he asked all those present to come forward and be saved. I could not help but notice the fear and guilt in the faces of many of those who drew near the platform. Some faces were happy, almost radiant, but I was disturbed by the obvious, almost frantic hope for security, on the faces of many others. Reli-

gion has tremendous powers of healing, but to arouse temporary religious intoxication through mass hysteria can bring disastrous results to the minds of those already under an intolerable burden of guilt.

Our priests, our ministers, and our rabbis must be careful not to exploit our emotional fears for their own ends. At times, a peculiar quirk in the spiritual advisor's mind can be blamed for spreading a neurotic type of religion. These will be the preachers who use terrible tales of terror to frighten us into being good. Or those whose neurotic need for authority try to rob us of our freedom. Then there are others, whose need to be hateful whips up our own need for revenge. But there are healthy pastors, too, who, inadvertently and with the best of intentions, try to cure our emotional disabilities with the wrong medicine. "Try religion" can be very dangerous advice to a person with a serious emotional disorder. Religion can aggravate anxiety, and anxiety deepens depression; depression may be followed by suicide.

A religious experience can be an awesome thing. Some critics of religion imply that any purported mystical experience with God is sheer delusion. True, a number of religion's saints have been neurotic and even psychotic, but there always have been holy men who lived with God, yet had minds of high intellect and stable emotions. There have been times when psychotics have almost destroyed religion, but they have nourished it, too. Certainly Paul, George Fox, and John of Revelation were guided by visions which have made the world a much better place because of them. Today, we have methods of classifying mental illness, but we must not expect that a psychological test will prove or disprove the presence of God in the minds of those who claim to talk with him. In India, schizophrenics are worshipped as holy men; in America we put them in mental hospitals. Still, in a

very general way, we have some concepts of a "normal" or mentally healthy person, and these will be our criteria when we ask whether an individual's religion is healthy or unhealthy.

Religion with its rites, its hope, its faith, and long histories of saints and prophets, can be used to serve all types of emotional needs. Some of these will lead us to spiritual growth, enrich our faith, and strengthen our trust in ourselves, in our neighbor, and in our God. But there will be certain unconscious wishes or needs which will blaspheme true religion and manipulate it to some of our neurotic needs. Theologians should understand this. Psychiatry is an important, even a necessary ally of religion, for it helps us to understand when we are misusing religion to satisfy unhealthy emotional needs. We are heirs of a much richer religion when the personal credo of some religion's "I can get" is replaced by psychiatry's dictum "I should give."

For true religion is not something to be used, but to be lived. It is the commitment of our healthy growing soul to the purposes of its Creator. For truth's sake, and for health's sake, too, we should have the courage to ask whether our religious practices are making healthier and holier persons of us today than we were yesterday. If so, then our religion for us is indeed true religion, and we are blessed.

Chapter Seven

MAN THE UNKNOWN

One day while serving as chaplain in a big city hospital, I silently watched the pathologist gently remove a brain from the skull and place it on a scale. The powerful light above the autopsy table illumined the soft, pinkish creamy mass, casting delicate shadows on the cerebellum and the cerebellar arteries. The pathologist walked to a blackboard and chalked the weight of the brain. Then with a sharp knife he deftly sliced a piece of flesh from the mass and dropped a fragment of the creamy substance into a jar containing a clear fluid.

"Where is the mind?" I murmured. He looked up from his work and smiled. "Where is the source of love?" I continued. "Which is the blood vessel of hate? And where are the nerves which produce faith, courage, forgiveness?" The pathologist gazed at me for a moment and then quietly said, "You are a chaplain. That is for you to tell me."

Nothing which walks the earth presents such a riddle as the existence of man. Why do we have to live days and months and years in joy and pain, in love and hate, in guilt and peace, in fear and serenity? Where is the spring of our life? What is the nature, purpose and meaning of human life? Despite all our knowledge and learning, the reason for

our creation is a mystery mankind has never been able to fathom.

Yet live we must—unless we decide to die. There is a wife to love, children who watch our behavior and imitate it. There is bread to earn, health to preserve. There is this hour to live and probably tomorrow, too. Our ability to handle what the very next minute may bring must be adequate or else we must pay the consequences in regret, guilt or pain. Even more terrifying is the obligation to manage the saint and the sinner living deep in our hearts.

We build steel and concrete bridges but do we know how to build successful lives? We can repair a roof, but can we repair our broken hearts smashed by grief or personal tragedy? Between birth and death are we more happy than sad, more confident than frightened, more loved than hated? We enter life from a cause not of our own choosing and unless we are emotionally sick and end our life by our own hand, the hour of our death is beyond our control. We alone must decide the way our life will go between the days of our birth and the hours of our death.

Our origin is unknown. Yet our body of blood, skin, and bone is a dwelling place of amazing power and profound forces. Take for instance the cathedral of the brain! Here is a harmless-looking substance which can produce power sufficient to build an empire or destroy the universe. We can make a mechanical brain from steel, but we haven't the vaguest notion how to build a brain out of flesh and blood. Brain surgeons frankly admit that of all our bodily organs, and despite neurology and psychiatry, less is known about the brain than of any other part of our machinery.

If you were to place a human brain under a steady beam of focused light, you would see a small mass of flesh. The tracks of the cranial nerves can be detected and the links between the brain and the spinal cord easily seen. Pink folds and cavities are nourished by innumerable arteries to harness

muscles and to guide our will. Here, too, is the seat of all our emotions. This bloody mass controls whether we love or hate, whether we live or die, whether we fight or run. Yet the brain looks amazingly harmless when you see it exposed in raw, naked form.

I have left the dissecting table and walked to the hospital chapel to find a man kneeling in prayer in front of the altar. A human being is a mass of chemical substance, of tissues, of cells, of nutrient fluids, but he is also a temple of spiritual powers, of love, humility, prayer, and faith. How wonderful is man! The shape of our life is not made by flesh alone. For this flesh is miraculously harnessed to a spirit. We have genius, inspiration, talent. Here dwell the common sense and the intellectual skills which help us change our world. Man is a powerhouse of knowledge and spiritual potentiality. But we are also vegetables susceptible to ravishing invasion of disease germs.

Alexis Carrel has reminded us that there is a strange disparity between the sciences of inert matter and those of life. Science speaks in a mathematical language, but by what mathematical formula can we describe love? Energy in the body can be measured and controlled, but who can measure the power of forgiveness? We can operate on nerve centers of the brain, but how can we extract from our cerebral cortex nerve tissues containing courage or hope? Obviously, we cannot.

If you look at the anatomical chart of the human body, especially those painted in colors and streaked with lines of red and blue, the chart looks very much like a highway and railroad map. Gray's *Anatomy* is a wonderful book with fascinating sketches of the body, but there is practically nothing in the book which tells us precisely what a human being is.

"We are just mechanics," I was once told by a physician. "We merely repair the machinery." Those of us who have

trained with medical interns are familiar with the vernacular of the hospital. Bill, the orthopedist is known as a hack and saw man. Urologists are plumbers. "Come up with me to the Men's Ward," the white-coated boys will say to me, "I have a stomach up there." How easy it is to divorce a man from his spirit, to treat him as though he were just a mass of organic matter. In each of us dwells treasures infinitely more holy than the chemistry which forms our body.

Pathologists weigh lungs, liver, kidneys and other organs of the body. But pathologists cannot weigh a patient's devotion to his children, or the amount of guilt which haunted the body now dead. These things are neither measurable nor totally understood. Yet these emotional feelings form as much a part of our personality as the tissues, nerves, bone structure, or the quality of the blood surging through our veins. Our body is made of flesh, but it also contains a spirit, a something which we call Self.

We each have a sense of truth, beauty and goodness. Man is a poet, a saint, a hero, a coward, a murderer, a liar, a bearer of evil. He can create, but he also can destroy. He can love yet also hate. He can love others, but also love self more. The unsolved riddle about man is how forces of good and evil join with the chemical and histological substance we call man, to make of him something higher than animals and only lower than angels. Here we have a combination of chemistry and energy. But into this package comes not only life to make it move, but a decision-maker which we call "mind." The mind is the seat of the intellect. With an imaginative mind we can travel all over the earth and the heavens. Through the mind we project concepts of beauty, of justice, of love, of hate, and of fear. From the combination of body and mind emerges that part of us which is most important of all—our Self.

The search for man, the unknown, has fascinated man

since the dawn of history. The chemical makeup of man is no particular mystery because the same substances as in man are found in fish, in fowl, in forests. But what is this Self—this something we cannot find on the dissecting table—wherein are his loves and his hates, courage, anxiety, creativity? The distinctive character which differentiates man from every other living thing is his spirit. No wonder the Psalmist, seeing this astounding something in man not given to other life asked the question, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

But the ultimate mystery of the existence of Self has never been found. Thanks to our adventure into space we are learning a great deal about the world around us, but we still know little about the world within. That is why our best thinkers are warning us that priority must be given to exploration of our inner space before we get too far advanced in our journeys to outer space.

Now here is a truth about Self which is of the greatest importance and which can be most meaningful in our lives. The unique individuality of all human beings can be proved scientifically. While, of course, each of us has much in common with the other fellow, the fact remains that primarily we are all different. Take our bodies. Variations are seen in the size, shape and position of our organs. The efficiency of stomachs, livers, colons, hearts, nerve trunks and blood vessels differs in all normal people. We start life with a brain distinct from our neighbor's brain, and differing to some degree in structure and in the arrangement of neurons. My endocrine glands may not be identical with yours. Body chemistry, including the saliva, blood enzyme levels and excretion patterns show a high degree of variability in each human being. Oxygen consumption rate is not the same for everyone and each of us differs enormously in our susceptibility and vulnerability to nervous and emotional disorders.

These are some of the reasons why we don't all act or think alike! There is no more reason why you should behave like me than there is to expect our physical organs and chemical functions to be identical with those of our neighbors. True, there is a general similarity in bodily and mental functions, but the important fact to realize is that each of us is made somewhat differently from the next person. We shouldn't be worried or excessively guilty if our behavior is not the same as everyone else's. My Self is not you, and your Self can never be mine.

The fact that we are psychologically different is a basic fact of life. Yet most of us are so worried over what other people will think or say about us that we try to conceal the wonderful, unique Self we often really are. Watch the people in any large city or in a tightly knit small town. You will find that many people are behaving alike. They think the same, act the same, without ever once asking the question whether what they are doing gives them the personal freedom each of us must have. "Why do you have to be so different?" a man in my congregation asked me many years ago as he listened to my unorthodox sermons. "Because that is the way God made me," I replied.

One of the major causes of emotional illness is the social pressure which tries to make us do what everybody expects of us. The drive for conformity can make us ill. Our Western civilization's standards of success—money and fame—and our criticism of those who are "different" place a heavy burden on those who would prefer to be themselves. But nature never intended us to be the exact image of the man next door or the lady across the street. When we are forced to be something other than our real Self, our inner conflicts become so tense that many of us become neurotic. My face is not the same as your face. Your thoughts are not my thoughts. We are not all born of the same parents or of the same race or identical cul-

tures, or even the same religions. Why should it be expected that each individual express his emotional feelings or desires in equal fashion?

Have you ever sat in the movies and ached with laughter while the fellow next to you was silent as though dead? I can strangely dislike the chap sitting next to me in the plane, but his friend across the aisle can love him. Our psychological needs are not the same. Each individual reacts in his own way to other people and to certain situations and problems.

When we realize that man the unknown is also man unique, singular in inheritance and heritage, in environment and visions, we shall stop worrying that we are different from other people. This recognition of our essential difference is one of the most fundamental truths about ourselves we must admit if we are to understand what we are making of life and what life is making of us.

Recently a group of distinguished behavioral scientists, psychiatrists and theologians met for lunch to select a theme for a major academic conference. "I propose," said the dean of one of the foremost medical colleges in the country, "that we choose as our topic the question 'What is Man?'" The group was silent for a moment, and then a psychiatrist spoke up. "The topic is an important one," he said, "but I think an even more important topic would be, 'What is a baby?'" For before we can understand our Self now, we need to know the Self we once were.

Here is a little bundle of flesh with dancing fingers, dribbling at the mouth, and smiling with clear blue eyes as he lies in his little crib within the bigger crib we call the adult world. The baby will grow up and be given his own name. He will be given a rattle and some toys. By that time he will know that he has a Self and is different from his brother and his sister. Now he is on his own.

That was the time when you thought you lived in a castle

which became known to you later as your body. You hid behind a wall peering through small round windows out on a strange but fascinating world. Other openings brought you pictures and sounds from the outside world.

These were the months and the years of discovering Self. Into each childhood there comes the time of awakening to an awareness of two worlds—one's own kingdom, and the kingdom without. And from that time until we die, our life will be shaped by how we relate to the outer kingdom. If normal, we will not want to live in isolation. We will try to make ourselves acceptable to the outer world.

This is the record of our growth from the bondage of the womb to the awareness of Self. The moment arrives when we ask the two greatest questions in our lives, "Who am I?" and "What ought I to do?" Whether we control our destiny or let destiny control us will depend on what we think the answers to the two great questions are. If we tell ourselves that we are no different from millions of other people, we have lost half of our lives. We are defeated. We have forfeited our growth. But if we affirm what every human being should affirm, namely, "*I am something*," then we acknowledge we are unique creatures in creation, and hope and faith in our powers come alive. This is good psychiatry and also realistic religion.

And so it is that early in life each of us discovers that we have a personality or life which is our own. We share much of it with others; we love, we give of our talents, our skills. Later we learn to make sacrifices, surrender our bodies in love, our brains in service, our money to charity. But there is a core of Self which we never surrender, for to do so would destroy our freedom, our independence, our basic integrity. In that way lies death of body and assassination of soul.

Just as little children we hid our Self behind a castle, so as adults we build psychological walls to hide behind and

protect ourselves from others. We devise elaborate façades or masks to attract attention or to divert honest appraisals of what we really are. Psychiatrists call this mask "personality." We alter our masks to suit our emotional needs, and even to conceal inner truth from ourselves.

The word "personality" comes from a Latin word "persona" which means "mask." "All the world's a stage," wrote Shakespeare—and indeed it is! During our days we play the villain and the hero, a saint and a sinner, the lover and the loved. But there are times when the villain plays the hero, the sinner plays the saint, and the lover hates the beloved. As we grow older we become quite skilled in putting up false fronts. We become many things to many men and few of us ever really find out very much about our real self. Our dilemma has been well expressed by Dylan Thomas speaking of his own personality: "I hold a beast, an angel, and a madman in me, and my enquiry is as to their working, and my problem is their subjugation and victory, downthrow and upheaval, and my effort is their self-expression."

Of course, we are not always thinking of the masks we are wearing or of the façades (psychiatrists call these "defense mechanisms") we are throwing up to hide our real self. Have you ever observed certain individuals who head up civic crusades or lead social service agencies in your town? Some are kind, generous to charity, religious. But although they may always appear sweet and smiling, the deep dark mind of the unconscious may be seething with guilt or hate. The façade of humility may be concealing a character ridden with egotism and conceit. Karen Horney, the well known psychoanalyst, coined a phrase to describe this type of behavior as "the neurotic need for doing good." Many people have so much unconscious hostility that they are unconsciously forced to be charming day and night to keep from exploding inwardly. We know our politicians are masters at pretending they like

everyone; this is deliberate, conscious strategy. But too many of us are not aware of our hidden needs to please everyone, or to ooze graciousness. A keen eye can read into these personalities; we see many such types of individuals daily in our psychiatric clinics.

One day a troubled young woman came to see me. It seems that each time she became interested in a man, her mother would object. Now in her thirties, she knew that if she didn't marry soon, her chances would grow slim. But she didn't come to see me about that problem; her dreams were worrying her. "For the past two weeks I have dreamt that my mother died," she said. "Twice, some strange woman murdered her. Then I awoke screaming." Her father had died many years previously and the mother imprisoned her only child, the daughter, in her affections. Inwardly, the daughter resented the mother's domination, although everyone spoke about the beautiful relationship between the girl and her mother. It was obvious that her dreams pictured the truth about her feelings toward her mother. When we dream, we write the script, stage the setting, and become the actors. In this instance, the daughter wished to be rid of the mother even if she had to murder her.

I recall another instance where a married woman resented her pregnancy not because she didn't want another child, but because unconsciously, she was afraid to get fat. As a girl she had been extremely obese and other girls had always poked fun at her. The terror of rejection experienced in childhood was twisting her reason. When she was made to realize how her unconscious fears of obesity were the real reasons why she was objecting to pregnancy, she was able to enjoy her coming motherhood.

Each one of us is wearing certain masks that we are not even aware of. "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us!" wrote the wise Robert Burns, for

he, too, knew we are prone to self-deception. As we go through life as actors, often on the stage of our own choosing, playing the roles we desire, our masks become our protection.

Now I am not suggesting that we get rid of all our masks. We could not do so even if we tried. But in trying to comprehend the narrative of our own nature, we must realize that we are a combination of good and bad, sincerity and insincerity. One way to strengthen faith in ourselves is to face up to the fact that evil is a part of our real Self.

If we are not careful, our hypocrisy can foul our days and the relationships with those we love and those we hate. Psychiatrists warn us that we cannot go through life leading double lives and stay mentally healthy. The price for playing the actor comes high and must be paid in guilt, lost love, loneliness, mistrust, fear, and even in physical sickness. If life is tough for us, it may well be that we are being false with life. The art of living requires honesty, integrity, and realism.

A type of woman we all recognize is she who has need to attract attention each day. She will wear the smartest clothes and hang jewelry all over her frame like Christmas tree balls. She will be seen in the best restaurants. But look in her face and what do you see? Guilt, fear, loneliness. Poor soul! She is being false with life—she hides her shallow character under a misleading guise of external array. In every large city you can see women carrying their true personalities on their backs, or men substituting four-wheel air-conditioned chariots of chrome and steel for character. But you can search in vain for deep honesty or basic integrity. These people are spiritually sick. "Those who crave riches," says Ibn Hazm, "do so only in order to drive the fear of poverty out of their spirits; others seek glory to free themselves from the fear of being scorned."

I knew a young man who became a minister. After ordi-

nation, he quickly won promotions until he achieved one of the highest ecclesiastical positions in his church. He ruled his flock and his clergy like a monarch. Then one day he had a "nervous breakdown." Psychotherapy revealed that his pompous attitude was a mask, hiding tremendous guilt which he had unconsciously repressed since adolescence. He had "used" his position in his church to feed his neurotic needs for security. Unconscious guilt had threatened him all his life and his job had hidden his fears. Self-deception is no respecter of persons. Bishops and beggars, statesmen and kings, butchers and bakers—all fall heir to pretense and double-talk.

When we have the courage to live one life instead of many, wear our real face instead of a mask, live the truth instead of a lie, our life with ourselves and with others becomes hallowed by a new quality of spirit. For no matter how hardened our hearts become, we all seek from life as much of serenity and gladness as day and night can give. True, there are those who do not desire to live nobly or honestly. Some individuals prefer lust to love, poverty to riches, lowliness to fame. But no matter what our choice, we must be honest with our motives, consistent in our aims, and in harmony with Self. Sincerity cements all our parts and rips the mask from the real face God has made for us.

Man, the unknown, cannot exist only as a combination of body and spirit; he also needs other human beings. The cruelty we inflict on other people and the suffering we are compelled to endure because of what others do to us, seem to deny our instinctual need of each other. The fantastic wars, and now the terror and horror of atomic destruction and radioactive fallout unleash orgies of sadism as man kills with seeming joy and satisfaction. Character assassination and the ease by which we ruin a person's reputation with a few sub-

the words, seem to deny our need for each other. But Self cannot live completely alone, divorced from the emotions of other people. For although each of us is unique, with a Self which we alone can truly know, we are all together, too. Creation has made it so.

Once again we are faced with a mystery concerning life. There are billions of fish in the sea, all of the same species. The insects which crawl the earth, and the fowls which fly above, are all drawn together in their own communities. How strange that nature has made each of us so different, but yet so dependent on the other! Psychiatrists tell us that if our Self becomes alienated from the Self of other human beings, we shall become mentally ill. A requisite for mental health is to know how to live together and enjoy each other's companionship. But how to do this successfully is one of the most difficult problems in life. Our needs to hate, to be aggressive, to be creative, and even to love, force us to be different and often out of bounds, and then we are rejected or soundly condemned. How to live as complete individuals and yet take our place with dignity among other healthy, moral human beings is a task which separates the men from the boys.

With our limited minds—mere specks on the canvas of time and space, we cannot hope to fathom all the mysteries of Self and our existence. Still, other people such as you and I have journeyed through life and made us rich heirs of knowledge. Their will and testament, carved from experiences of adventure, tragedy, and victory tell us what seas are safe to travel upon and those which are dark and perilous. The truths are found in our philosophy, our folk tales, but even more in our religion. For it is religion, above all, which has the treasury of Self-knowledge.

A passage in one of the Confucian Four Books reads, "To arrive at understanding from being one's true self is called

nature, and to arrive at being one's true self from understanding is called culture; he who is his true self has thereby understanding, and he who has understanding finds thereby his true self. Only those who are their absolute selves in the world can fulfill their own nature; only those who fulfill their own nature can fulfill the nature of others; only those who fulfill the nature of others can fulfill the nature of things; those who fulfill the nature of things are worthy to help Mother Nature in growing and sustaining life; and those who are worthy to help Mother Nature in growing and sustaining life are the equals of heaven and earth."

Each of us is compounded of desires, emotions, and thoughts. We have passions, hunger, fear, anger, ideals, visions; we must experience pain, suffering, and death. This is a portrait of our human nature—our Self. As the Confucianists have written, by learning how to live in harmony with our human nature and to express our inner Self in an orderly way, we can become the masters of our Self and worthy of heaven and earth.

No, man is not totally unknown and alone. He has help from without, from science and religion; he has help from within, from his own native ability.

The holy books of the ages have affirmed time and time again that man is a creature of astounding courage and resilience. His upward reach has overcome death and saved the world from destruction many times. Each of us has had moments of victory following despair, when we felt that all the universe was arrayed against us. Every human soul has seen his faith and hope overcome sorrow, tragedy, failure, grief. It happened yesterday and it can happen tomorrow—even as it can happen today.

Chapter Eight

EMOTIONS WITHOUT FEAR

What I do with my body, my mind, and my soul is a private matter between me and God alone. Each emotion man feels is part of his true nature, and no power on earth can compel us to be different from what nature intends. What we do with life, and what life does to us, depends on how much courage we have to face our emotions squarely and without fear.

Man is a strange mixture of emotion and reason. At times we are managed by reason, but there are many moments when emotions wrench our reason from our hands. The mind of man is the most impressive creation on earth, urging him to love, to hate, to create, to destroy. This is man—who has roamed the world for millions of years—balancing emotion and reason in his battle for survival. The history of man shows us that man can exist on various levels intellectually and emotionally. By sharpening his intellect and controlling his emotions, man has become civilized. But we are not as far from our old habits as we sometimes think; when we disown our basic, primitive impulses and try to suppress them too fast and too far, our bodies react with red signals and we can go no further. The job for each of us is to set up the best ratio between reason and emotion.

There is nothing within our human nature which is

intrinsically evil, despite what our religionists say. We should never be ashamed of any desire which enters our minds. Emotions are essential parts of Self; in themselves they are neither good nor bad. How we permit these desires, however, to influence our behavior is another matter. If we are decent and good, we shall try to control those emotions which threaten our ideals. But we are not depraved or degenerate if we discover that we also have passionate appetites which are unacceptable to so-called holy laws or the morals of our society. We should not be condemned for our natural instincts or impulses. You cannot mold a human being like you can a plastic toy. Each of us is different. Nor is there a time when we are "done" like a cake in the oven. My way of learning, growing, inquiring, satisfying inquisitive emotional desires, exploring, analyzing, is different from yours. Nor are your urges, my urges. I may have feelings that you could never understand. But this is not important if we are both trying to be better people today than we were yesterday.

Clergymen and psychiatrists differ widely on the question of "unacceptable" emotions. We need all the help that both psychiatry and religion can give to understand this part of our nature which scientists cannot completely explain. Religions which are based on moral and ethical systems have always wrestled with the deep, inner conflicts which determine whether we remain an animal or grow into a moral and civilized human being. Religion is an old hand at studying human nature.

Twentieth-century psychiatry has now joined the ranks of theology and philosophy and is producing new textbooks about man from information gleaned in a thousand hospital clinics. For instance, we are learning to be more tolerant with the more primitive aspects of our bodily feelings. We are learning the dangers of excessive repression, that temptations in themselves are not evil. We are learning that man

may not have as much free will as religions teach; we are often slaves of our unconscious minds. Our motivations toward good and evil are seen to be combinations of conscious and unconscious factors. Psychiatry is helping us to see how complex we really are—how the saint and the sinner within get mixed up and distort our behavior, and then we do the right thing for the wrong reason and the wrong thing for a right reason. Those who are holy on the outside may be sinners on the inside, while the seemingly sinful man may be a person of deep, innate spirituality.

Man has two basic characteristics which are part of his structure and which are dependent on his nervous system. The first is his intellectual power which helps him to remember, to reason, and to coordinate muscles with the mind. The second is his emotionality which consists of his psychic drives and impulses. Together, they help form his personality. Actually, psychiatrists are still wrangling over the exact relationship between our reason and emotions, but they all refer to emotions as "feelings." Love is an emotion, so are fear, guilt, and anxiety. When emotions express themselves, our reason is the spectator which tries to select the acceptable from the unacceptable. In a sense, our reason is the watchman over our feelings.

Reason can prevent certain desires from taking full control of us, but there are times when even the best minds are overwhelmed by a flood of emotions which surge up from within. Yet all our emotions are not threatening to us. Indeed, from our emotions come the most wonderful hours of our life. Love, enjoyment of beauty, the urge to be creative, a sense of achievement—these and other ecstatic feelings are all emotional and come from hidden and oftentimes unknown impulses.

There are the thrilling and awesome stirrings which come from watching a sunset at sea while listening to the first

movement of Tschaiikowsky's *Pathetique*, or from the wild strings of a Vivaldi concerto while watching great seas dashing against high, rugged rocks. Then there are other emotions—of reverence and joy, for example—listening to the ringing sound of a thousand bells in the Cathedral in Barcelona at the beginning of High Mass on Easter Day. Or the feeling of emptiness when word comes that our most dearly beloved has now been taken by the nature which created her. Standing in the operating theater in the silence, while the surgeon skillfully places his finger to widen the valve of a heart which is being choked, can bring one in the presence of the Almighty. But there is another side to our emotions when evil surrounds us, and we tremble with fear and defeat. These are the unwelcome emotions—anxiety, grief, loneliness, insecurity. Even more powerful are our needs for sexual expression, hatred, aggressiveness, authority, or even personal destruction. Man has his majesty and despair. Not reason, but the surging of hot, rich feelings lift us to the stars, or empty our hearts of hope.

None of us is entirely free from the tensions and torments of living. We are all bundles of desires, drives, and motivations. The atomic bomb was made with brains, but primarily because of fear—fear of defeat. Still, Beethoven could create his *Ninth Symphony* from emotions of faith, and Michelangelo carve stone in response to his urge for beauty and integrity.

No one can escape from his emotional needs. Each of us has secret fears and loves, holy desires and impure thoughts. To make matters worse, we are compelled to live with other people and cannot, more often than not, allow our emotions to have full reign. Then, too, other people love or hate us, conspire against our reputations, compete with us, deceive or betray us, or need us so badly that they threaten to destroy our freedom. Our emotional desires bring us the greatest

happiness or the most profound sufferings. Without emotions we could not live as human beings. Our emotions lead us to the highest peaks of artistic creativity, of inventiveness, of spiritual power. But they also can degrade and defile all that is holy within us.

For instance, in the minds of most of us, and I speak from soul-shaking experience, we have committed almost every crime possible for man. Consciously, or in the deep corners of the unconscious (as seen in dreams, aberrations, erotic fantasies, or boiling rage) we have murdered, lusted, stolen, lied, cheated, coveted, and tasted the seething flames of passion and wild sexuality. Everyone with normal, healthy impulses and instincts has these feelings; secret pleasures and evil, too, are inevitable images of imaginative minds—for that is the meaning of imagination.

We are combinations of the good infant and the bad infant, the loving child and the hateful child, the obedient adolescent and the brat, the selfish adult and the altruistic Self. When we add to this package of personality impulses inherited from our savage nature, we can understand the complex and multiple persons we are. Each of us is in bondage to certain emotional drives and imaginations we cannot control. Our base inclinations war with our aspirations. We have no right to claim that all of our decisions are carefully made in our conscious minds, for the motivations in the unconscious—compounded as they are of all kinds of impulses, curiosity, feelings—shape our desires and dominate and overpower even the most saintly conscience.

In my youth it seemed that everyone around me: teachers, my older friends, and my religious advisors, kept insisting that I always had to be good. Most of the books I read stressed purity, honesty, and other virtues, all aimed at making a growing boy a saint. Looking backward, I realize that I was blessed in having that kind of upbringing; the roots

of those things I now hold most precious were carefully planted by these older people. But the hard climb up the road to character also left its bruises, for my teachers gave me no room to breathe as a normal, growing personality. I could have been spared hours, even days, of self-remorse, if my advisors had taught me more about my natural self, and how to live with my emotions without fear. "Be perfect," they commanded, and I was almost choked in the process. Striving after perfection is a sign that we are insecure in ourselves and need to please somebody: our teachers, parents, or our God. In a sense, laboring for perfection represents a neurotic symptom. We cannot tolerate failure because we cannot afford to lose the approval of someone we must lean on.

Psychiatrists warn us that we must not go through life with bodies and minds serving as battlegrounds for the war between our impulses and our morals. Religionists insist that uncontrolled emotions of the wrong kind lead to sin. "Sinners will burn in hell," cries the evangelist. Frightened by his religion, and bewildered by uncontrollable passion, an individual may suffer in the name of religion and pay a fearful penalty in guilt, fright, and emotional illness.

Handling emotions without fear is one of the most difficult tasks any of us are called upon to do, but we can do it if we are not afraid of what we see or feel. What can we do with this energy, these torments, these daydreams, fantasies, and erotic desires? If we are normal, desires for sexual expression will persist in each of us. Shall we satisfy our passions every time the nervous energy seeks relief? Hunger for affection, and our needs for attention also need to be appeased. Despite the attractiveness of popular sermons on how to be good, or the sincere pleading of our respected clergymen, we cannot gain control over our emotions or develop a strong will power merely by ignoring the power

of the primitive impulses which lie within. Psychiatry is on the side of religion when it probes deeply into the unconscious operations of the mind and insists that the fight for morality and goodness is hopeless until we come to terms with the drives, the almost insane feelings, and the natural urges in the almost unfathomable areas of the mind.

Thanks to psychiatry we now know something about our mental mechanics which help explain the origins and influences of our emotions and why they influence us as they do. From the findings of psychiatry comes the welcome news that evil thinking is not necessarily wrong. Into every mind creep fantasies, erotic warmth, impulses to destroy. Aberrations are as natural to our human mind as our nocturnal dreams of happiness and holiness. From psychiatry we can glean why we are troubled, why we are frightened by our wishes, why we despise ourselves. The culprit is repression, our frantic attempts to kill every thought we don't like, or which threatens our reputation. We refuse to face up honestly to that other part of Self and we bury the torment—alive.

But try as we may to drive unwelcome thoughts from our mind, the best we can do is to repress the desire. "Get that idea out of your head" is wishful thinking; all that happens is that the thought goes underground. We cannot get rid of an emotional feeling just by deciding we are not going to have it any more; in fact, the feeling often grows stronger. Youngsters who masturbate with guilt find their problem even more difficult when they are terrorized by punishment or threats of loss of manhood. I know a pastor who makes it his business to have friendly talks with his church lads when they are ready for some sexual instruction. Not for a minute does he weaken his religion's precept that the body is the Holy Temple and sexual urges should be directed toward spiritual ends, but by frankly discussing repression

and the naturalness of growing sexual impulses, he spares these youngsters hours of needless worry and guilt. You can't throw an emotional impulse out of your head just as though you were throwing an old piece of furniture out of the window. We cannot get rid of tormenting sexual feelings just by deciding that these are mere passing surface emotions.

The most significant discoveries in our day are not about the atom, but about the Self which dwells in our bodies. Jung has recently reminded us that the fate of mankind depends not so much on atomic research as on a clearer understanding of our unconscious mind. When we speak of "conscious" and "unconscious" we do not mean that the mind is in two sections, but that it is operating consciously and unconsciously. What we think and do each day is more influenced by our unconscious wishes than we suspect. But not all of our unconscious impulses are wicked.

The thing to keep in mind is that we are not just one person but many persons in one. We were once infants with all the cravings of the newly born, its terrors and anxieties, its insecurities, its need for mother love. The infant still lives within us, with satisfied but also unsatisfied needs. The unconscious has a long memory and will keep bothering us all our lives until these early needs have been satisfied one way or the other.

I counseled with an attractive and intelligent young woman who wanted to marry, but could never take that last step to the altar. It seems that her mother had died when the girl was a child, which drew her very close to the father whom she loved deeply. But emotions are unpredictable and her love for her father also had overtones of incest, which, being deeply repressed, were unknown to the girl. These secret desires for her father were struggling to be satisfied and were infecting her healthy desires for a good marriage. A brief period of analysis (I referred her to a psychiatrist) gave her insight into her problem and much of the pressure

from her early yearnings was released. Psychoanalysis is a method of taking the lid off our unconscious steam kettles and letting some of the energy escape.

The unconscious is not only a repository for our memories and the experiences which come to us through our eyes and ears and other senses, but it lives a life of its own in fantasy not bound by the facts of realistic or approved living. This accounts for the *Three Faces of Eve* and other stories of double and triple personalities which lived in one body. Our unconscious has such an enormous sway over our conduct that at times it is hard to determine whether we have an unconscious or our unconscious has us. This unconscious life is kept seething and boiling by energy stirred up from our entire nervous system. At any moment, our throttled desires are capable of driving through the thin Maginot line of the conscious. Read the histories of religious saints and you will find the accounts of holy men who lived in mortal agony from the fear of recurrent temptations and neurotic fantasies that swept their minds while they were in meditation or asleep.

A clergyman came to see me one day and told me that he had an almost uncontrollable impulse to spill the wine when he was celebrating Mass. "I could never forgive myself for this blasphemy, but I'm so afraid that I will do it that for the past three Masses I've pretended I was sick." Sick he was, but he didn't realize the nature of his mental illness. The more he tried to stifle the irreverent impulse, the stronger the urge became. Obviously, there was an unconscious "problem" that needed uncovering and his church had the good fortune of having a consulting psychiatrist at the Cathedral. Happily, his neurosis was not serious and after a few sessions with the psychiatrist, he learned about the phenomenon of repression and was able to "work" through some of his inner tensions and conflicts.

I recall an elderly gentleman who consulted me about erotic images he was experiencing despite his irreproachable

moral character. Apparently his psychic controls were weakening, and thoughts and images which had been buried for years were now cropping out. I explained how the unconscious returns many pictures to us after years of filing them away, and assured him that his aberrations were no sign that he was a wicked sinner. As many of us grow older, there is a tendency for deeply buried temptations and images to find easy openings in our rigid controls, just as the intimate details of our childhood come back much clearer. Each of us—whether king or peasant, acolyte or priest, intelligent or feeble-minded—has strong emotional urges which threaten our self-respect or violate our ideals. The battle of life consists of daily struggles between two forces: the inner force seeking expression and a controlling force which insists on remaining the ruler of body and mind.

Emotions are usually charged with great energy, as we soon learn to our dismay. Psychiatry is still puzzled as to how human behavior is related to our nervous systems—that is to say, how an abstract, spiritual force such as love can enter our nervous systems and produce bodily and psychic feelings. But that there is great power in emotions is a fact we all experience. The energy screams to be released in some way or other. The more we attempt to dam it up, the more it often threatens to damn us. Then this nervous power will seek to be released through the heart, our stomachs, our muscles or other parts of the body. Physicians know the influence of repressed emotions on our bodies, and how these drives not only disturb our minds but our total health as well. This is particularly true with our sexuality, which, if too rigidly repressed, not only distorts our interpersonal relations, but can produce hysteria and aggravate insanity.

Some years ago I was admitted to the death cell of a young boy of seventeen who was condemned to death for the ghastly murder of a young girl. He had killed her because she had refused to give him a date. After murdering her, he assaulted

her sexually, and then attempted to destroy her body with dynamite. Upon leaving the prison, I met the district attorney who had prosecuted the boy, and expressed my concern that adequate consideration had not been given to the lad's emotional history. Just prior to the murder, the boy had been released from a reformatory on parole, and psychiatric tests had indicated severe emotional maladjustment. "If he is emotionally unstable, the sooner we hang him, the better," the prosecutor remarked. "Why should the state pay his room and board for the rest of his life in a state mental institution?"

This shocking story highlights the ignorance many people have concerning emotional instability. Very often our wrongdoing is the result of an acute physical sickness in the brain. It is brutal to punish an individual for an emotional illness. We would not think of penalizing a polio victim or a tubercular patient because he was ill, but rather would provide the best medical care and surround him with love. But we treat the emotionally ill in a very different way. Because emotions often trespass on moral laws, we are apt to condemn the person as a moral leper instead of bringing healing to his sick emotions. Then we drive the sick person into deep, agonizing suffering.

Those who criticize and judge human behavior should at least know that many factors determine overt conduct. Some factors we can regulate and control, but we mustn't blame Johnny for being a poor reader if we have been unaware of his bad eyes. Our moral behavior is influenced by our bodily functioning. Emotional illness follows the same law of pathology as any other sickness. Disturbed functioning in any part of the body—in the brain, the heart, the quality and pressure of our blood, or malfunction of endocrine glands—all will determine our emotional attitudes. So will gastrointestinal and respiratory disturbances. Every aspect of our bodily equipment is involved in our moral behavior. Para-

noid behavior has often been observed in illnesses such as uremia, cerebral malaria, and pernicious anemia. The aging of the brain arteries also changes our behavior. We all can have periods of temporary insanity.

That is why religionists who are quick to condemn must take care that they do not foster unnecessary suffering in a transgressor for he may be emotionally ill. While it is important for religions to keep reminding us of our shortcoming, a morbid preoccupation with our sins is unhealthy, especially if we are physically ill or suffering from chemical, biological, or other imbalances which are interfering with our behavior. I am not suggesting that we should not be aware of moral failure. We need to keep our moral and spiritual goals clear. But I am insisting that when religionists trigger feelings of guilt among their members, particularly those under tremendous emotional stress, they have an obligation to provide the means of restoring those persons to a better state of health.

The important thing for us to remember is that emotions in themselves are not evil, or the work of some foreign agent inside of us. An emotional impulse is amoral; as far as its origins are concerned it can no more be classified as good or bad than a nervous impulse which causes our eyelids to close or our mouths to open. Emotions are triggered by many things; even by the food we eat. When we are tired, our emotions have a way of making us irritable and more hostile than we might be at other times. As for myself, there are many times when I can repress certain feelings and other times when I cannot. But when these intense emotions begin to stir, they do not frighten me because I know that these impulses are as natural as the tears which flow from my eyes or the breath which comes from my lungs.

In my own life, I have learned through trial and error the character and power of my emotions. But when these emotional feelings come, I try to decide if according to my scale

of moral values these urges should be satisfied or controlled. In my particular case, I absorbed some spiritual and moral values from my parents and from my culture which are wise and meaningful for me. These values are included among my requirements for a satisfying living. In a sense, they are like measuring rods by which I determine which of my instincts or desires are moral or immoral. Often I can reject or control unacceptable desires because my loyalty to my moral and spiritual standards is more powerful than the urgent desires which want to be satisfied. Each emotion is a challenge to our reason and spiritual goals.

The primitive impulses of self-preservation, of aggression, of sex, love, hate, and creativity all come from our essential human nature. Religion may teach that it is necessary for me to control certain emotions for the sake of strengthening my will power and becoming a more spiritual person, but religious teachers are unrealistic when they infer that all of my body is not holy.

How successful we are in controlling our natural impulses will depend on how we compromise with these forces and the kind of method we use in managing them. We can lay some of these impulses away and let them sleep, or bury them under so much pressure that they will explode. When we know the dangers of repression and accept our emotions and temptations without too much fear, guiding them instead of letting them run away with us, we shall feel less guilty and be less apt to panic.

It would be quite simple to enjoy our emotions without fear if we were back in our caves or swinging from the trees. But for better or worse, man has surrounded himself with a set of rules and regulations which he includes in his culture. Interwoven with his culture is his religion with even a more rigid code of emotional law. Most of us prefer to live among other human beings, but the price tag is determined by the

society we are living with—the cost must be paid in repressed emotions and a loss of freedom. Furthermore, we must closely conform to the group or pay a premium price in increased guilt. These rules and regulations, mores, traditions and customs are the “patterns of life” for the group; we violate them at our own peril, for the penalty of non-conformity is rejection and punishment.

For many reasons, we might be healthier and happier if we were more like the early Chinese or Greeks. Our Western culture and religions are cursed with the need to conform to one pattern of life. It would be much better if we learned to conform to life—not to mere patterns of life. The gods of the Greeks and the Chinese were not perfect—they sinned like anyone else. No one worshiped them because they never deviated from the “pattern,” but they were adored because they knew how to live halfway between heaven and earth. I should try to be, as my Prayer Book tells me, a “reasonable” person, not an artificial saint. When I was growing up, one religious question particularly troubled me. “Be like Jesus,” I was told. “But you tell me that Jesus is God,” I would remonstrate to my Sunday School teacher. “How can I be like Jesus—that’s impossible. I’m not God.”

Most of us who are afraid of our emotions, have been told by our religions what emotions are good and what are bad. “Thou shall not steal,” “Thou shall not commit adultery,” “Thou shall do no murder,” are old religious laws defining emotions which are evil. Most of our civil laws are based on religious law, and soon we discover that not nature, but our law courts and pulpits decide what emotions we shall enjoy and what are to be restrained. But judges and priests live and die; they often move away and we move away from them. That is when we discover—often for the first time—that certain emotions which were wicked in Peoria are honorable in Istanbul.

For years, a man in New England who had strong emotions for three wives was told he would burn in hell for such licentiousness, yet in Utah the Mormons with even four wives were considered blessed and holy men. It is a sinful emotion for a Chinese widow to wish to bury her husband hastily and before long public mourning, but equally sinful for Orthodox Jews to prolong burying the deceased. In Bou Saâda, a dreamy oasis in the Algerian desert, I have watched the Arab nomads enter the public harem to partake of the young Nail Oueds who were trained to give pleasure. Here, emotions were without fear, for culture approved. The point I am making is that no human emotion should be feared. But what we do with these instincts and impulses will depend on our moral or religious desires. We should never be frightened of our bodies and their needs, but it is a sign of good health to be realistic about our moral loyalties and ideals. Emotions without fear does not mean emotions without regret.

When a person is undertaking psychoanalysis, the task of the analyst is to help develop the patient's insight into his problem and to honestly appraise his motivations. Quite often, insight helps to diminish the tension and the individual is better able to cope with his emotional stress. He realizes, often for the first time, that all of his bodily urges are human. Once we can comfortably accept ourselves, the task of controlling our emotions is made much easier. When we fight our enemy in the light, it is better than fighting him in the dark.

Psychiatry helps us to endure our emotions without fear by affirming that the choice is in our hands. At least we don't have to feel that temptation in itself is evil. Religion, by providing us with high moral and spiritual standards, and relating our existence to a God who has ordained man to be more than an animal, helps us to make moral decisions. No one is compelled to accept either the moral standards of religion or

its theological doctrines. Still, religion all through the ages has provided the moral goals and directives by which man has been able to move further away from his original moral state.

The price we must pay to exercise our moral freedom will be the loss of our innocence. We can learn in no other way. True, we shall not need to sample every moral or immoral act before we can choose our own system of values, but we shall have to taste much of what we shall eventually reject before we acquire the moral insight which will sustain us for the longer pull through life. The cost of freedom is guilt, but this kind of guilt is precious if it strengthens our ideals.

We all need a new point of life. But it neither can be purchased for gold nor attained in a day. When we are ready to probe deeply and let the inner voices speak to us, we open the gates through which pours an important part of our real self—bare, naked, truthful. This self must then be joined to the self we have always lived with. Together, our inner and outer self, now a unity, now a whole, not two selves anymore, but one Self, is our real, true personality, more dangerous than ever before, but also more creative, more lovable. We are in much better shape to control that which is *me*, without fear or guilt or inner tension. This is the time when the frightened, childish part of our personality ceases to rob us of maturity and real self-control.

Yet it is important to remember that passion is no substitute for moral perspective. Personal discipline has always been the mark of a good man. Psychiatry will help to guide us when our steps toward goodness become handicapped by too great a weight of emotional confusion. Religion can give us the goals, the aspirations, the will to believe, and the assurance of a Power which can heal and love and forgive and accept us—even as we accept it.

Chapter Nine

THE HEALING POWER OF SIN

A person crippled by sin can become one of the saints of God. It has happened countless times. It can happen again. No matter how far we fall, our moral failures can give us new medicine by which we can heal our mind and our soul.

A friend of mine has a small statue of the Devil among his curios. "Without him you would have little need for psychiatry or religion," he wryly remarked. Our rendezvous with Satan whether for short visits or a long stay can be among the most helpful and profitable experiences we ever have. If you read the pages of history and listen to the drama of those who have walked with God, you will find that the most noble saints in history created high character out of failure. When we wrestle with sin we have an adversary which can toughen our spiritual muscles as no other fight can do.

Over my bed I have a small sixteenth-century icon which I bought in a bazaar in Turkey, depicting George slaying the Dragon. He is riding a white charger and the dragon is spitting fire into the belly of the horse. High on his hind legs the horse is terrified as the evil below him rises forth with his sharp teeth to destroy the young rider. The saintly George leans forward and plunges his black spear into the mouth of the malevolent beast. The battle with evil is fought and a victory is won for righteousness.

In all the wide domain of the mythical and the marvelous, no legends occur so frequently as those which describe a beast or a serpent spawning evil all over the earth until arrested by the valor or piety of a righteous hero. Mythology abounds with tales of the victory of light over darkness, spring over winter, good over evil. The eternal combat between sin and salvation, the Devil and God, has been part of mankind since the morning of history. The story of Faust is our story, too.

For nothing threatens man as much as the immoral fires which are kindled in the darkness of his soul, and which lure him to spiritual destruction. Infamy and iniquity are woven into the potentialities of each of us, and rare is the man who does not succumb to the wiles of the Devil and enter the abyss of the unclean spirits.

When we are thus captured by strong uncontrollable impulses from within, morally we stumble and fall. There is an uneasiness of heart and we become separated from the Self we normally live with. But although we know this evil in Self is also part of us, there are times when we are bitterly ashamed of it. We become helpless. There seems to be no health in our flesh. In these moments of shame and guilt there is little use in trying to fight back with reason. All reason has gone. In its place is abandon, or fear, or delight which relentlessly drags us by its power until its energy is spent. And then, if we have betrayed our finer self, come anguish and remorse. We are desolate and sick at heart. The fantastic invasion of our spiritual self now takes its toll in fear and guilt; sin has made us sick.

It is only human to sin. We create ideals as high as the stars in the sky. Our aspirations soar to heaven and holiness circles our spirit like the satellites embracing the earth. And then we crash. Down, down, down plunges our better self and we are made a prisoner of our more secret, bewildering self. If we are fortunate enough to know something about

the inner workings of our emotions, the return to sanity is made a bit easier. As we become more aware of the fact that the forces deep below are often stronger than the controls at the surface, we will be less likely to panic or become gravely discouraged.

These moral struggles which you and I must bear are the simple facts of life. To those of us who are spiritually sensitive, the agony of those moments when we violate our most cherished ideals and succumb to immoral plagues is much greater than physical torture. When we lose control of ourselves, it is a form of suicide; we temporarily kill a part of our spiritual self. Often we are left beaten, scarred and crippled from the struggle. "The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another, and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it," writes J. M. Barrie.

One day, a teacher in a nearby school asked if he could come and see me about a personal matter. Even then he had been drinking, and I was not surprised when he told me that excessive drinking was going to lose him his job. But things were even worse. Gossip was rampant about his escapades with some of the girls in his classes, and his reputation was about ruined. "I behave perfectly proper when I am sober," he told me, "but after a few drinks, I seem to be a different person. The next morning I feel badly about what happened the night before, so I take a couple of drinks before going to school to calm my nerves." He admitted that alcohol dissolved his self-control and that he had been intimate with some of his pupils.

There is no need to relate our conversation, or our talk the next night when he said he had been fired. But it was obvious that he had some difficult emotional problems that needed attention. He refused to go to a psychiatrist, claiming, "I'm not crazy. All I need is more will power." He

didn't realize that his will power was infected by the powerful over-repressed drives in his unconscious. He had been permitted to do pretty much what he liked since his adolescence. He had enjoyed his freedom, but as a school teacher in a small town, his life, like that of the preacher, was as private as a goldfish in a bowl. His drinking opened the valves of sexual desire, and his preference in females was to relive his adolescent escapades—hence the need for a young partner. After a number of talks with him, I was able to make him see the need for psychiatric therapy. A year later he had ceased drinking, got a new job, and had developed a deep sense of moral and spiritual values.

Like many of us, his violation of his neighbors' moral precepts had opened his eyes to the need for healing, which then changed the whole course of his life for the better. Thanks to psychiatry, he had been pulled from the morass of physical and mental sickness and made into a much better and stronger character. Today, like the scriptural leper who came to be cleansed, thousands of persons turn daily to psychiatry, scarred and bruised by the results of their failures and wrongdoings. As a matter of fact, sin or failure is the admission ticket to the analyst's couch. It is almost a fundamental principle in psychoanalysis that you cannot go to a psychiatrist for his services unless you have a problem which has defeated you, or one you are inadequate to handle. These problems are usually moral. Apparently we must have a strong wish to change our behavior before psychic changes can occur; psychiatrists cannot help reorganize a life which refuses to budge.

But religion, too, can set in motion powerful forces of healing when we have sunk as low as we can and tasted every kind of immorality. In a village of North Africa, in the middle of the fourth century, a son was born to a pagan father and a saintly mother named Monica. After a young

life of passion and sensuality (he took a concubine at age seventeen) he was converted to monasticism. From then until his death about forty years later his fertile mind changed the direction of Christianity. This was Augustine—a sinner and a saint. Today, he is considered the father of much of the religion taught by both Protestants and Catholics.

One day while reading in the garden, his eyes fell on the words: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." Augustine became converted and somehow was able to overcome his debauchery which had plagued him since his adolescence. In his *Confessions* he claims that he would never have known real peace of mind if he hadn't wallowed in sin for so many years. "Thou hast saved me from all my most mischievous ways, that Thou mightest become sweet to me beyond all the seductions that I used to follow," he said. "But Thou wert always by me, mercifully angry, and dashing with the bitterest vexations all my illicit pleasures in order that I might seek pleasures free from vexation. But where I could meet with such—except in Thee, O Lord," Augustine continued, "who teachest by sorrow, and woundest to heal, and killest us that we may not die from Thee." Wounded to heal! He had found a paradoxical fact of our human nature—that spiritual growth moves upward and outward from moral failure.

Our biggest worries usually have to do with morality. In every human life there are subterranean marshes in which dwell desires and impulses which often flood us with feelings of shame. It is from this seemingly bottomless pit of desire that temptations arise which force us into wrongdoing. If righteousness is our shepherd, we often stand aghast at the ease with which we violate many of our most cherished ideals. Many of our sins are known to us alone. Each of us knows

that the content of our life must fundamentally be a closed book to everyone except ourselves. These sins are often mixtures of emotional sickness and deliberate moral violations.

When Joe came to see me that day in July, I knew he was in trouble—real trouble. Twice before he had been picked up by the police in cities away from home, but now he had repeated his offense in his own tiny village. Molesting little girls was a grave crime.

"I'm out on bail," were the first words he said to me as he climbed the porch steps of the Rectory. "I'm in a daze, I swear I didn't do it." It was quite obvious to me that Joe was sick, very sick. "What made you do it?" I asked. He slumped into a porch chair and was silent. Then slowly he began, "I don't know. I just felt an urge to touch them and I couldn't stop myself. These feelings come on me almost every day." Never before had I seen a person so despondent, so frightened, so alone. "You really couldn't help yourself, Joe," I reassured him. "I'm going to get you help. Try not to worry. Everything will come out all right."

It was evident that Joe was suffering from a serious neurosis. As soon as Joe was gone I picked up the phone and called a psychiatrist I knew and explained the situation. He agreed to see Joe the next day. I then spoke to the magistrate in whose court Joe had put up bail and explained that Joe was undoubtedly emotionally ill. He agreed to defer the case pending the psychiatric examination. I then went to see Joe's sister with whom Joe lived, and interpreted to her how emotional illness beclouds our moral judgments and that Joe was more sick than a sinner. "I can't face the disgrace," she cried. "What will they think of me when I go to church?" I was afraid to answer, for I knew that some of the parishioners would display something less than Christian forgiveness toward both her and Joe. Nevertheless, I was able to make her see that Joe was not as immoral as he was sick, and

that he needed love and understanding, and medical care, too, more than ever.

Fortunately, the Judge placed Joe in the care of the psychiatrist, who, by that time, had diagnosed Joe's condition and found that he had experienced only a minor regression. With good psychotherapy, and with the kind of support one can get from a clergyman, Joe was restored to good mental health in less than a year. His immoral act—or to put it in psychiatric terms, his deviation from moral values—had dramatically made Joe aware of his need of a different kind of life, which then became strengthened by psychiatry and religion.

I have seen many such instances where psychiatry and religion have helped a person emerge from the subways of rough travel, to breathe the fresh air of a much finer and happier life. When I first saw Alice she was sleeping in the big green ward of the city hospital. As her arm hung over the side of her bed, you could see the tell-tale marks of the needle—the union card of drug addiction. "It's her third attempted abortion," the night nurse told me. "One of these days it will be her last."

When her mother had telephoned me, I didn't know anything about Alice. Strange how you can learn so much about a whole life in just a few hospital minutes. Alice stirred and gradually opened her eyes, somewhat mystified by the two figures in white. "I'm the Chaplain," I said, smiling and placing my hand on her shoulder. "I just wanted to stop in for a minute to say good night."

The next morning I had a long talk with the attending psychiatrist. "What can we do for her?" I asked. "The first thing that has to be done is to get her among people who really care for her," he said. Then I learned that her mother was a tramp. Her home was unfit for a decent girl to live in. The whole story is too long to tell, but working together

with the psychiatrist, the hospital staff, a psychiatric social worker, and myself as religious counselor, we were able to get the girl into a good church home and give her opportunities to change her life from the gutter to one of decency and respect. Her moral mistakes had taught her a great lesson. Her better self was strengthened, and no one was happier than I when, a few years later, I stood in front of the altar and blessed her marriage to a fine young man.

When we sin or have an emotional problem which is plaguing us, it is not a sign that we have been marked with the cross of the Devil, or that we have to stay that way. It means that an opportunity has come to be a better person. That is why so many religious teachers tell us that saints are under a far greater burden than sinners. In other words, what they are saying is that the temptations and sins burn more deeply into good people than in others. This can lead to a higher quality of life. If in our growth from childhood we have learned high moral and spiritual ideals, sin can sharpen our sense of goodness; it is the springboard which can launch spiritual growth. This doesn't mean that we have to sin before we can become holy. Nor does it mean that we should glory in our moral infirmities. Repeated wrongdoings can harden conscience, too. But the fact remains that our errors can lay the groundwork out of which a high spiritual character can grow.

The word "sin" has a Greek origin: "himartias" which means "missing the mark." We fall short of our goals—particularly our moral and spiritual goals. For most of us, the fight between good and evil never ceases. Two powerful drives—the urge to sin and the urge to be good—keep us tense and in conflict. Plato compared the fight to our driving two powerful steeds. One of the steeds is instinct, the other is man's spiritual nature. Both horses want to run in different directions. We represent the driver who has the tough job of trying to keep both steeds headed in one direction.

Psychiatry is helping us to understand better those inner forces which interfere with our aim and make us miss our mark. Religionists have traditionally told us that sin comes from unholy desires. Today, psychiatry teaches that what religion terms "sin" is oftentimes caused by natural impulses in the unconscious mind. Apparently, we have strong urges to taste all kinds of passions, and to adventure widely with our feelings and creative impulses. Religion has always known of these desires lurking in the unconscious. But modern psychology is revealing how powerful these impulses really are.

While the aim of psychiatry is to develop a greater feeling of self-worth and security, it is also true that we often discover that we are far less than the persons we thought. But there is no need to be fatalistic about this. We are not like an old water-soaked log drifting up and down the shore with every impulse of the tide or the violence of the wind. There is no reason why we have to live in fear, despite the fact that there are honest moments of anxiety. None of us knows what tomorrow is going to bring, but we do not have to face the water ahead like whining cowards. Each of us has amazing resources of hope and trust, but the tragedy is that very few of us ever put these things to work. The other evening, at dinner, some friends were talking about a chap who had left the mother of his two grown children and was having an affair with his much younger secretary. "That's human nature," remarked a cynical young bachelor. To describe a moral weakness in this manner is to overlook the fact that there lies in human nature another channel of release—ideals!

A feeling of moral failure can be one of the most wonderful things that happens to us if it gives us new spiritual goals and activates desires for moral growth. There is a terror in being alive but a splendor, too. We should not be discouraged because our adventurous humanity gets in our way. Utopia is for the mythical gods, not for growing human

beings like you and me. We live on peaks and valleys—at brief times we are spiritual heroes, but we also have our moments when we are good neighbors of Satan. The neat trick of day by day living is to carry on somewhere between Heaven and Hell. For none of us can stay holy all the time. Few of us would care to see all our thoughts or feelings printed each day on the front page of our morning newspaper.

No one is always perfect. There are times when a prostitute is more honest than a bishop. Still, to condemn anyone on the basis of a single incident would mean that none of us can ever qualify as a decent person. We all make mistakes but our character can be far better today than it was yesterday. G. B. Shaw summed it up neatly when he said, "The only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor: he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, whilst all the rest go on with their old measurements and expect them to fit me."

Our moral failure is one of the best things which can happen to us *if* it arouses a new perspective and heads us in a different direction. In my own life, I have found that there is nothing so stark and realistic as a deep sense of moral failure to focus more sharply the need for spiritual growth. When we go down into the dust of moral despair, we realize more than at any other time how difficult it is to be the kind of person we really want to become. We then know that no longer can we ride on horseback through life, but must walk. The ascent toward goodness is a slow and painful climb, but like Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress* we are better because of the journey.

How to fail without being defeated is an art. Everyone who has helplessly watched his brightest dreams shipwrecked knows the suffering of failure. None of us escapes harsh and crushing blows. Little wonder that so many persons fail to stay in love with life. When Handel wrote his victorious

great "Hallelujah Chorus" he was suffering from bad health and terrible economic disaster. Yet he was able to do his best during his worst time. Churchill could say of Britain, beaten and battered by the vicious Nazi attack, that "This was their finest hour." There seems to be a law in life that resistance is needed for growth. The conquerors of Mt. Everest had first to develop leg muscles before acquiring strength to climb towering mountains. Steel needs fire to be strong. Frequently our hearts must be baptized with fire and our courage built with sorrow and tears. To keep calm in the midst of ruin brings out the best in each of us.

When we feel a sense of defeat, we should realize that failure is common to every normal person. No one is spared. Misfortunes are not things of which to be always ashamed. Moral weakness is no respecter of persons.

How to be a good failure requires that we have no resentment, no self-pity, no hostility. When we sit and bemoan our fate things get worse. When Andrew Barton, a sixteenth-century naval commander, suffered a notable defeat, a poet described the blow in a ballad. "I am hurt, Sir Andrew Barton said; I am hurt but I am not slain. I lie me down and bleed a while, and then I rise and fight again."

When the consequences of our moral failures become serious, it is futile to wring our hands in despair and accuse ourselves unmercifully. Although accepting responsibility for the sabotage of our personality, we cannot handle our situation if shackled by remorse or excessive guilt. Self-respect must be maintained. Fear and guilt cripple us, disintegrate personality, deprive us of psychic energy requisite for the job ahead. Our errors develop into major catastrophes unless we have faith in ourselves.

When we have fractured our lives, we must avoid being thrown into panic. Fear affects the entire body. We cannot make good decisions or even make amends while emotionally

disturbed. We must permit our emotions to subside before attempting to work out the solution of our difficulties. Everything may sometimes seem hopeless. We see our future wiped out, our reputation ruined. The urge to run, to go where no one knows us, is stimulated by our shame. These impulses are charged with emotion. Yet a crisis calls for coolness—not collapse. Fear must diminish and our tempers be controlled. Clear judgment must be regained before we attempt to deal with any of the deep guilt caused by our misdeeds.

Blessed is the person who can talk about his troubles to one other person who will respect confidence and be sympathetic. Both religion and psychiatry offer opportunities for ventilating our problems. Hoarded worry grows worse.

If we are fortunate in having someone who loves us deeply no matter what our faults or the serious consequences of our failure, we are indeed blessed! Bottled trouble usually explodes. A level-headed friend, a good doctor, a wise clergyman—better still a wife, husband, or blood kin who understands and respects us is a godsend. The love of another human being, particularly one who has also suffered, is the most powerful medicine we can get in the whole world. Love heals wounds, restores self-respect, and gives us confidence and courage to face the consequences of our actions.

However, there will be times when we may be seriously ill and need psychiatric or psychological help. These may be the occasions when even our religion can offer only limited help. I recently heard a sermon in which the preacher was telling his congregation how to cure a depression. "Whenever you feel deeply depressed," he exhorted, "all you need to do is to open your Bible." I shuddered as I recalled many emotionally sick people whose depression had been triggered by guilt and failure. Those of us who have been trained to work with the emotionally disturbed know only too well that any reference to a loving God often aggravates guilt and

plunges the person into a deeper depression. What happens in such cases is that the more you talk about the friendship of God, the more the depressed individual suffers the torture of the damned for having violated God's love. Mention of God only festers the sore. Guilt can be aggravated by a God of revenge, but also by a God of love; religious teachings can lead to severe emotional illness in those already predisposed to neurosis or psychosis.

In a small New England town, a bank clerk confessed to his pastor that he had embezzled several thousand dollars of savings account funds. After listening to the agony of the unfaithful and despairing servant, the pastor asked the penitent to kneel in prayer. "Oh God, Thou knowest the depth of sin in this Thy unfaithful servant," the minister prayed. "We have done those things which we ought not to have done and there is no health in us," he went on. Guilt and repentance, unworthiness and forgiveness—on and on the pastor prayed until the bank clerk could endure no more. He thanked the pastor for his help, and left the church. Five hours later he was found in his garage shot through the head—a suicide! The tragedy in this case lies in the fact that if the pastor had been trained in a few simple facts about mental illness he would have recognized the seriousness of the penitent's depression. Different prayers would have been used (even perhaps no prayers at all), until the clergyman could get the man into the hands of a physician or psychiatrist for medical attention.

To suggest glibly that the reading of scripture will guarantee healing of our emotional ills is unrealistic and unkind to those who already have about as much mental agitation as they can endure. I have read articles by prominent preachers who flatly declare that any type of emotional problem can be cured by reading the Bible five minutes each morning. But there are times when religion can be poison to a distressed

mind. God heals us in the manner most relevant to our illness. The relevant way to heal a broken leg is by surgery. A broken mind needs psychiatry. Both the physically torn and the mentally sick need prayers, but there is an appropriate time for prayers just as at another time, there is an urgent need for medical treatment and scientific skills. This is not to blaspheme God nor to deny precious religious truths. Religion teaches that all knowledge comes from God, whether psychiatric or religious. The surgeon who wields the scalpel is the inheritor of divine knowledge just as much as the minister whose healing art comes from prayer. The good news for each of us is that both medicine and religion have healing balm to help us restore our hope and our faith; the only point I am making is that in emotional crisis we may be too ill, particularly when our minds are blocked, to benefit for the moment by religious platitudes or ministerial advice.

The trauma of failure can bring a rebirth of character, especially when it releases us from selfishness and opens our eyes to the needs of others. We attain our highest moral and spiritual achievement when we stop thinking only of our own troubles and become actively and sincerely sympathetic and helpful with the pain, the anxiety, and the cares of another human soul. While seeking forgiveness, we, too, must learn how to forgive. Grudges must be allowed to die. The plentiful goodness we have for others is rewarded by good will from others.

Through tragedy, many persons find the existence of a world far more wonderful than the self-made cosmos in which they were the center. For the first time in their lives, they see a world larger than their own. Other people become real and even lovable. We in our age have forgotten to care for other people. An outgoing love for others can rid us of

many disastrous consequences of failure. Regardless of whether we have been made to suffer innocently or justly, whether our reputations have been destroyed or partly clipped, whether we are completely laid low or only slightly damaged, the switch from our own moral heaviness to a sincere concern with others renews our strength, gives us courage, and increases our sense of security.

Those of us who are walking the tightrope of human existence know that our failures can be turned into new opportunities by determined courage. Courage comes from self-confidence. Confidence always comes when we have an intense faith in our own worth. When we have a sense of conscious integrity, implicit honesty, earnest sincerity, and profound humility—in other words, a deep respect for our person—we produce power to convert our tragedies into manageable situations. To see ourselves as we really are is the first step toward moral courage. Yet self-knowledge of our weaknesses, our immoralities, our passions will not be enough. We shall need to purify those impulses, those instincts, which forever threaten to terrorize or degrade us unless we refine and transform them into higher goals.

Psychiatric knowledge helps to open our minds so that we can see their contents. Spiritual knowledge helps to provide the healing medicine which converts moral weakness into the delight of confident living. But whether or not our mistakes will heal or cripple us will depend on whether we have sufficient courage to accept our failures and not be conquered by them. Our healing powers cannot function well when our minds are distorted by fear and anxiety. Self-respect, confidence, and absolute honesty keep our veins open.

Some of us have found firmer ground from which to face life by believing in a Supreme Will bent upon ultimate good. We have turned to religion and captured a way of life which is adequate for our needs and gives us courage. If we

dare to hope that the paralysis of our mind and spirit will be removed, it is because we trust God not to betray the faith we have placed in him, or betray the confidence we have in ourselves. Man can have a faith in a God who is a strong rock. We can go beyond our selves out into the firmaments of the universe and see the meaning of life in terms much bigger than our own tiny bodies. There is no need for us to go through life bluffing hour by hour, giving a show of courage, but inwardly knowing that we are largely faking our days. With our inborn trust and hope, we can handle life in such a way that no amount of trouble, of suffering, of anxiety, or of guilt, or what people do to us, can throw us off our feet or into a condition of confusion and fear.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," sang the Psalmist. When torn and crushed by defeat, the Light which even maketh earthly coal to sparkle, can enter our fevered brains and illumine the black coal in the mines of our minds. Once in tune with this infinite source of spiritual strength, our faith in Self is restored and we are ready once again to take our place among the other children of nature who, like ourselves, live in the night and day of mortal existence. The healing power of sin comes more quickly to those who in defeat, yet with conviction, place their destiny in sources of strength beyond their own making. This rediscovery of moral strength destroys the tinfoil of our living and gives us the decency by which we can live better with ourselves, our neighbors, and indeed the whole world.

Yet moral strength means something much more than observing our neighbor's moral laws. There is nothing so pitiful as a person who is imprisoned in a cage of rigid rules and regulations. We have been born to live creatively, to explore, to test, to scale the heights and to open dark and unknown closets. Life must be seen and experienced in its fullness. Man has proved himself a creature of amazing resourceful-

ness. When we are ready to live, to take risks, to accept defeat, we have the key for finer living. Instead of permitting failure to use us badly, we can use our mishaps to start afresh in a new attempt at living where fear and anxiety are at a minimum and our sense of worth is greater than our sense of sin. Then our defeats become priceless steps toward the whole and vital person we were meant to be.

Chapter Ten

SELF-ACCEPTANCE

I shall never forget the impact the phrase "You are accepted" made on me when I first heard it. I needed that assurance desperately. Suddenly, all my unresolved doubts, my anxieties, my guilts, seemed to melt away and I had a new and wondrous feeling that the world was still a good place to live in, and that I could find understanding people in it. Instead of being fear-ridden by inadequacy, I was suddenly reassured of my own worth.

When I was growing up, I was warned that to be successful or happy, I must not love myself. How wrong my teachers were! Of course, no one likes a braggart, but one of the most important truths we have found in psychoanalysis is that we must develop self-acceptance or face serious emotional instability. Self-acceptance is not the same as conceit. It means a recognition of our whole self without shame, a destruction of self-hate.

In high school we often argued whether anyone could be completely unselfish. We usually concluded that practically everything we do is for our own self-centered good. Still, there is a difference between selfishness and self-love. Selfishness means that we love ourselves in a childish way. Our cradle becomes our world and everyone must serve our needs. Self-acceptance or healthy self-love is something quite

different. It doesn't necessarily make us self-centered. It means that we have succeeded in accepting our assets and limitations without becoming smug or defensive. This doesn't mean that we should glorify our emotional weaknesses, for the rush to become emotionally naked in public (including religious "testimonies") can be a symptom of serious mental disorder. Nevertheless, we must not be afraid to turn the microscope on all that we are, or to admit what we see. Self-acceptance means that we are not afraid to know ourselves inside and out. In the early Hebrew language, the word "know" was a term used for the most intimate kind of love. To "know oneself" implies a deep love for oneself in the same way that for lovers in the act of love, few secrets are hid.

We need not fear that self-love will always develop into egoism; self-awareness gives birth to real humility, not conceit. Until we can accept ourselves, we cannot have genuine humility. The word "humility" comes from the Latin word "humus" which means "earth." Truthfully to accept ourselves means that we have drilled to the bedrock of our character and found the real foundation for humility and integrity.

For some of us, moral failures are the cause of most of our troubles and problems. We get fouled up trying to aim too high while all the time we are unrealistically refusing to admit or face up to what we really are. When we are honest about our double selves—the angel and the ape—we are less apt to strive after goals which we cannot reach, for nothing is as disastrous to our security as a sense of failure or guilt. Yet, some individuals seem surprised every time their hidden personality makes a mess of things. "Life can only be understood backwards: but it must be lived forwards," writes Kierkegaard. The reality of what we are and what we consist of is less painful and certainly much less of a problem if we stop trying to deny our nature, but accept it. If we can learn

to attribute some of the responsibility for our actions to natural processes, then our little worlds would not collapse so often.

Self-love can be a liability if it degenerates into a childish conceit. Indeed, a major factor in mental disease is narcissism. As the Greeks tell the story, Narcissus, the handsome son of the river-god Cephissus, was beloved by Echo, a beautiful Oread and a favorite of Diana. Echo talked so much that she came under the displeasure of Juno who took her voice away save for brief replies. Poor Echo tried to express her regard for Narcissus who would have nothing to do with her.

Narcissus was the image of self-conceit. He couldn't love any of the nymphs and one of them asked the gods that Narcissus might feel what it was to love, but for no one to love him in return. One day, while Narcissus was stooping over a river-brink he fell in love with his own image in the water. He spoke to it, tried to kiss it, and died of a broken heart because it could not return warm love. Even after his death, when his shade passed the Stygian River, Narcissus peered down from the boat to catch a final glimpse of himself in the water.

This is not the kind of self-love which is healthy; it is a form of auto-intoxication, which can signify a serious neurosis. Narcissism is symptomatic of insecurity, guilt, and anxiety, and a factor in irregular sexual behavior. Among homosexuals, the sexual partner is often not so much another individual, as an unconsciously projected image of the self—often as he was as a youth. He is in love with himself. When we cannot shift our love from the image of ourselves reflected in another person, we are merely in love with ourselves. This happens in marriage when a youth will marry a girl who seems to possess certain of his own repressed feminine traits.

Obviously, most of us do things which make us despise our-

selves. Yet we can never escape ourselves, no matter how shocking our behavior. Self-acceptance is necessary for integration of body, mind, and soul just as honest and realistic self-appraisal is essential for spiritual and moral growth. We need to experience a reconciliation with each part of our Self so that we can tolerate that part of our character that prefers the cellar to the top floor. "One of the most difficult problems when I begin work with a patient is to motivate him to dig inside his mind and learn about himself," a psychiatrist told me. "Most people can't face inner truth." I once had a colleague who used his pulpit to exhibit his rhetorical skills and to demonstrate his oratorical dramatics. When he eventually realized that he wasn't saving souls but ruining his own, his sermons became more simple and his voice sincere and natural.

Most religions teach that we must try to overcome evil with good. If our enemy is sinful we are asked to try to understand him and even to love him. But suppose, as Jung asks, that not our neighbor, but our own self is our worst enemy—a mixture of evil, of unbridled passions, aggressiveness and ambition? "I am the enemy I must love," says Jung. There is an incident in Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" where Alexi, disturbed at his father's behavior, tells his father that God will judge his deeds. "Yes," replies the father, "But he will also understand me."

Most of us thrive on praise but are frightened by shame. We need to treat these impostors with a sense of reality which will help us to live honestly with a body which is no better or worse than that of our neighbors. We must not permit our excessive moral judgments to warp our self-esteem; we cannot grow into our full potentials if burdened by unworthiness. Jung is right when he says that, "Acceptance of one's self is the essence of the moral problem and the acid test of one's whole outlook on life."

A powerful truth which comes from self-understanding and self-acceptance is that we can never really understand another's emotions until we feel the same emotions in ourselves; this accounts for the ease with which we find fault with other people. We are blind to our own real self, and fail to understand why other persons do deplorable things.

I remember a father who came to see me about his two children, a son and a daughter, both in high school. He told me that he and his wife were worried about the late hours, the cars, the petting, and some of the drinking of the kids in school. The family were members of my church, well respected and active in civic affairs. But the trouble with the parents was that they couldn't accept the possibility of human frailties in their children because they couldn't accept their own inner temptations. Wise parents, of course, try to spare their offspring some of the pitfalls they themselves have experienced, but they cannot chart a course for their children which is emotionally healthy if they live in fear of their own emotions. Confidence is contagious—especially in families. How many parents have stood in awkward silence as the youngster asks the devastating question, "Don't you trust me?" Parents who are afraid of natural feelings of their own are ill-equipped to teach their children how to handle emotions maturely. We all know children who do a much better job in adjusting to their nature than do their parents.

There is an "inner truth" hidden deep down in the mind, which cannot be known by ordinary methods. You can't always find this inner truth, for instance, just by hearing or reading about it. You must grasp it yourself. Knowledge about our real self requires concentration, free thinking, emotional "feeling through a problem." Books will help, so will advice, but inner truth comes primarily from being emotionally aware of desires deep in the unfamiliar and seldom touched parts of our thoughts.

The disappearance of Confession from a segment of Christianity deprives many of self-examination. "What do I need to know about mental health?" a priest once asked me. "I've been listening to confessions for forty years!" Whether in the Confessional box or on the confessional couch, the emphasis is on analysis. Yet there is a difference between religious confession and psychotherapy; religious confession is a recitation of emotions having moral values, while psychotherapy aims at accepting the reality of our emotions, divorced from moral judgment. This is why self-acceptance is made much easier by psychiatry than by religion.

Many people are forbidden by their religion to experience sex because it is sinful, to hate because it is wrong, to look out for themselves because it is selfish. We are only permitted to have a limited view of ourselves. I once transplanted a little blue spruce tree near my cottage by the sea. It was getting dark and I accidentally chopped off the tap root which bores deep into the earth. The tree died. We cannot ever hope to achieve emotional or spiritual growth until we can comfortably accept the tap roots of our minds. When we are ready to accept the fact that our deep feelings and impulses behind the silken screen of consciousness are not necessarily harmful or dangerous or even queer, we are better able to manage ourselves with confidence.

Honest self-appraisal can lead to a terrible pessimism about human nature, but it also provides what Tillich calls "the courage to be." Constant fear of our bodies, of its passions, our strivings for excessive importance, need not bother us if we are able to live with all these things in right proportion to our other personality traits. Neither psychiatry nor religion suggests that we should practice self-immolation. As a matter of fact, religion misleads us when its preachers demand that we love God more than ourselves. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy soul—and thy neighbor as thyself," infers

that we should love ourselves at least as much as we love God. For if religionists teach us that God is in every human being he has created, why should we not hallow our body?

Too many people go through life punishing themselves. In our mental hospitals we often find patients who are pitifully helpless when they try to overcome emotional weakness. "I am not good enough," they say. This is neither good religion nor good mental health—self-hate chains them to their emotional babyhood. Most emotional disorders are the outcrop of situations in which the person doesn't feel accepted or acceptable—to himself, to his neighbor, or to his God.

A college student came to see me about a conflict between his ideals and behavior. "I feel like a rotter," he said. "I try to live up to certain ideals and then things get the best of me—I can't seem to manage myself and as I get older, things are getting worse." Yet he realized that the feelings he had were no different from those of his roommates. "Can you give me some kind of formula which will help me get better control of myself?" he said. I would have lied to him if I had tried to give him a fool-proof formula. Basically, his trouble was that he was trying to repress his natural sense of curiosity, but his adventures were carrying him further than he felt he should go.

In relating this incident to a friend one day he said to me, "Surely, as a clergyman you advised him to become more regular in his religious duties—that is where he will find his real strength." "No," I replied, "I had very little to say about religion. It was his religion which was aggravating his guilt. My job was to try to make him accept himself and then to grow from there. Of course, religion helps."

One night after I finished a talk before a mixed audience of psychiatrists and laymen, a theological student asked me how I reconciled self-acceptance with religious beliefs that man is essentially wicked. "If everyone did as he wanted,

how could we develop self-control?" he asked. He seemed to think I was arguing that it was quite all right for us to be satisfied with our immorality. The answer, of course, is quite simple. Self-satisfaction isn't the same as self-acceptance—but is moral stagnation. True self-acceptance means that we are ready for a moral transformation and that we are prepared to pay a price for moral growth. If we value character and decency we will not repudiate moral responsibility. It all depends on what we are trying to do in life—be comfortable or be adequate. Those who are sophisticated about their natural condition may feel comfortable and resign themselves to a lower level of moral living. But life was meant to be more than just comfortable; we need to be competent and confident for the more difficult task of spiritual growth. There is contentment in moral self-acceptance, but for those with high goals, only guilt in continuous immorality. Self-acceptance encourages me to grow, while moral insensitivity keeps me blinded and in chains.

A friend came to see me about his marriage which after fifteen years had gone on the rocks. "Pat hasn't been a wife to me for nearly five years," he said. He told me that he was spending his weekends with a much younger woman at a nearby resort. She also was married, but wasn't living with her husband. As a matter of fact, he had been unfaithful for years. "I don't think we are doing wrong," he said. "We look forward to being together and neither of our marriages mean anything to us. We're adults and we accept the situation as it is."

I knew the families involved. Obviously, there were serious problems of incompatibility in both marriages. My friend and his mistress were utterly realistic about their situations and had achieved some sense of "self-acceptance." But in breaking their marriage vows they were wrong. They had become morally calloused. When I pointed out the dif-

ference between being "comfortable" about their illicit behavior, which in this case meant moral blindness, and being capable of honestly recognizing his own failure as a husband, he began to feel less "comfortable." I knew him well enough to suggest some counseling to help him with some neurotic traits which I had observed over the years. "Get to really know yourself, Jim," I said. "Don't be satisfied with what you are, but move beyond your self-comfort to self-esteem."

I doubt if his marriage can be saved, but perhaps counseling and a revival of spiritual strength can save Jim. As a youth he was never quite sure of himself, being torn between normal masculine aggressiveness and an unstable, dominating mother. So Jim grew up with little self-confidence and too much moral uncertainty. His scars now rob him of marital happiness when he might have been saved by an honest understanding of his emotional disabilities.

We cannot go through life despising or lying to ourselves without paying a ghastly toll in insecurity and unhappiness. Many people have committed suicide because they hated that other self which constantly threatened to destroy them. Yet we can endure all kinds of personal trials once we have learned to live with ourselves. Dr. Harold G. Wolff, distinguished neurologist, has written, "Man is capable of enduring incredible burdens and taking cruel punishment when he has self-esteem, hope, purpose, and belief in his fellows."

If we are honest with ourselves we see all too clearly our selfishness, lust, deceit, aggressiveness and needs for revenge. But we also are encouraged by our virtues, our patience, our ability to love. This affirmation of our human worth provides us with the self-confidence to keep on living.

I have some friends who are afraid of their own shadows. They are so scared by what people might say if the whole truth were known about them, that they live only half a life.

We experience an overwhelming sense of relief when we discover that most of us are pretty much alike, sharing virtues and vices, and all trying to do the best we can with what we are. It is in the agony of social rejection, sick at heart and in mind, that many begin to see the truth about themselves—that faith in self and in one's worth must be restored and can be restored. On the Left Bank in Paris, in Greenwich Village, in London and Vienna, I have seen scores of so-called "Bohemians" who seem to be living a totally free life with no inhibitions whatever. They give the impression that they have accepted all of their self. But that is not true. Bohemians are of several brands. Some have high character—with genuine, sincere courage to be free from phony customs and hypocritical mores. But another brand consists of frightened, pitiful, shallow creatures. They are not rebelling at society, but rather have retired in defeat to their weaknesses. This is not self-acceptance, but self-hate and cowardice.

Profiles in courage are not uncommon to humanity. Since time began, confidence has hallowed man's lot and raised him far above the apes. Self-acceptance requires more than courage, for it takes a stout heart for some of us to accept what we see. It can only be done if by a great act of the will, we can almost separate our one self from another and look at the total self as objectively as possible. No one can do this completely. We have to learn to live with the unknown—that, too, is part of self-acceptance.

Although no one can be completely detached from himself, we can acquire some ability to take a bird's-eye view of who and what we are and begin to lay the groundwork for honest self-appraisal. John Middleton Murry tells us that we have first to achieve some kind of synthesis between emotion and intellect before we can get the will power we need for self-acceptance.

A major stumbling block to acceptance is our drive toward perfection. This helps to make a liar of each of us. We pretend we are one thing when we are another; we soon lose the honesty to admit what we really are, and then it becomes impossible for us to accept what we deny. One reason why our age is characterized by so much moral decay is that we have never learned to live at ease with our whole self; in concealing so much about ourselves, and about the human race and its appetites, our whole life becomes a big sham.

All around us are tired, frustrated, confused and guilt-ridden friends and neighbors. I often wonder what happens to all those wonderful young people in their teens who build their dreams on holy thoughts and fine ideals. Those of us who are clergymen—pastors, priests, rabbis—each prepare thousands of young persons for confirmation or bar mitzvah when they offer themselves to high spiritual goals. What happens to all these good intentions, all these dedicated souls, these mushrooming mountains of moral thoughts and inner sanctity? All too soon, these youngsters learn that they live in societies of colossal deceit. We pretend that the half of self we show to our neighbors is really all of our Self. But this is not strange for few of us have learned to love each part of our self.

Any one who has studied the Kinsey reports must be struck with the contradictions between the morals of our society as we profess them, and the kind of morality we actually engage in. Without attempting to argue the complete accuracy of the reports, it is rather clear that there is a serious ambivalence in American morals. When I talked to Dr. Kinsey shortly before he died, he told me that he felt that the real contribution he had made was not so much a statistical study of our sex habits, but alerting us to the difference between the fiction about our morals and the honest facts. Our conflictual moral behavior is again highlighted in the

recent report, "Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion," published by the Institute for Sex Research, founded at Indiana University by Dr. Kinsey, which reports that what women do is in stark contrast to what we puritanically think they do. Once again we have been given some statistics which indicate that reproductive experience is somewhat at variance with our professed moral codes.

In this sophisticated age, not many will be suprised about the facts or the statistics in the new report, which reveals that among the upper 20% of the "socio-economic" stratum, 75% of women separated, divorced or widowed continue sexual relations in their new single bliss. A high percentage of premarital pregnancies end in abortion. When the first Kinsey reports were issued, our neighbors were less shocked than annoyed that some of their secrets were front page news. We protest against this information out of feelings of guilt—but much of the guilt comes from the fact that many so-called "good people" are revealed as hypocrites. We are living in a culture which likes the big lie where the truth is not only disliked, but often unknown. We cannot speak the truth or know the meaning of truth if we are not able to see the truth about ourselves.

Without basic integrity mankind will die; we must frankly admit the truth about our behavior as individuals and admit the leaks in our "moral" society. It may be that we are too unrealistic—expecting too much, too fast, with so little. We live in an age of moral doubletalk. Honesty is rapidly disappearing from our homes and schools, and even more quickly from business and politics, but unless we own up to the insincerity so blatant among ourselves and in ourselves, we may not have anything left to be truthful about. The dry rot of moral decay has been abroad far too long. Nothing is more immoral than untruth. Self-acceptance, which means the truth about oneself, is a vital mosaic in the reconstruction

of a good man—and a good society cannot be made with other than good men.

Not every person is alike in character or in soul. Some have an easier climb to integrity than others. I have known individuals who try to attain ideals with great difficulty only to see them fail, while others seem to achieve goodness without much effort. But there is no need to feel excessively guilty because of our failures. To be ourselves, which for a human being means to strive toward betterment, and to refuse to be handicapped by any form of disability, can change whole years and give us something indeed worthy to live for. We mustn't pay serious attention to those who tell us that we either have to be totally good or eternally damned.

Today, we hear much about the need to become mature. Actually, no one has arrived at any universal definition as to what "maturity" is, but at least we know some of the major ingredients for good emotional health. Some of the characteristics of emotional health obviously include an inner sense of security; the ability to experience self-esteem and a feeling of one's own worthwhileness without a severe sense of guilt; the capacity to form love relationships; the ability to control resentment and to laugh and have fun; a realistic attitude toward society and life; the capacity to withstand reversals and to adjust to and cooperate with all experiences of life. The emotionally healthy individual has adequate bodily desires and the ability to respond to them without excessive use or an undue sense of guilt; the competence to appraise himself realistically, without overcondemnation, and to accept himself completely, even though some of his thoughts and desires may not be always socially acceptable. He will have a sense of morals; a conscience that is not overly rigid; satisfactory life purposes and goals; the ability to learn from experience; the capacity to satisfy

the important requirements of his own group; and finally, the ability to be independent of group opinion.

Courage to live requires a high degree of self-understanding. Both psychiatry and religion agree that no matter what we do, or who we are, we are acceptable human beings—for good or bad. There is a difference, however, between the psychiatric and the religious concepts of acceptability. The difference involves whether we shall try to lift ourselves up by our own bootstraps, or recognize additional spiritual powers available to us. Psychiatry assures us that we are acceptable because we are human and that all our emotions are natural. But religion tells us that we are accepted because we are acceptable to our Creator. As nature accepts its child, so should we, the child, accept our natures. Then self-fear will be changed into self-love—and we will love life, as the source of life has always loved us.

Chapter Eleven

THE FLESH, THE DEVIL, AND LOVE

There is a strange silence about the art of true love. Each of us needs affection more than anything else in the world, but few completely find it. There is guilt in love, and tragedy, too. Yet to love and to be loved is the most precious gift we have. Unhappily, most of us love in the wrong way.

The art of love can lead to moments that come and are spent, as, for example, Casanova loved. Or it can create a tyrannical household ruled by a parent who manipulates the family to satisfy his wants. The search after love can also raise our eyes toward heaven, seeking for a sign or a promise that we are lovable.

All too often, love is the art of seduction which exhausts itself when gratification is reached. When we conquer another's flesh, dominate a life, or court the favor of the gods, we are practicing seduction rather than the act of love. Our reach for love then becomes nothing more than a physical possession, to have and to hold, in which others are merely used to please our will, and often our sexual needs. At the root of all failure to love truly is narcissistic, selfish self-centeredness. This impels us to trap others in our web so that we can feed upon their minds and bodies to satisfy our childish yearnings. This brutal mutilation of another's body

and soul in the name of love is perpetrated by many of us as we succumb to our sexual wants.

Love is not sex and sex is not love, and we ought to be able to tell the difference between the two. Here in America and in many Anglo-Saxon cultures, sex is closely tied in with our morals and with our social order. But among a billion or more people in other lands, sex is primarily a biological need. They don't fuss and fume about it, or consult their religious or moral advisors to find out when they can or cannot satisfy their biological impulses. It is chiefly in Western civilizations that we are persuaded to hoard our sex feelings until marriage.

Freud insisted that sexuality was the driving energy behind all our behavior—not solely in our emotions of love. Child psychologists offer surprising testimony that even infants have sexual experiences. One does not have to be a Freudian to discover the pleasure small children derive from playing with their erogenous zones. This pursuit of pleasure with its accompanying release of tension persists through one's entire span of life. Indeed, the delight becomes so exotic that many adults never grow beyond their cradle days insofar as sex is concerned. As we mature, self-exploration is followed by mutual exploration, then heterosexual relationships. Psychically, many adults remain sex-infants, and their release of sexual tension with or without a partner becomes nothing but the extension of the pleasures of the crib.

Freud's theories about sexuality have not only influenced modern attitudes about love and sex, but also have created needless confusion. Freud held that the sexual instinct is the result of biological tensions which cry out for relief. As Fromm has rightly observed, "Sexual desire, in this concept is an itch, sexual satisfaction the removal of the itch." But sexual satisfaction can be achieved in many ways not related

to love, such as autoeroticism or lust. For many individuals, the silent bigamy of the marriage bed is a nightly witness to the death of love.

When preachers and psychiatrists talk about love, they often seem to contradict each other. Psychiatrists deal with love in the flesh, while religionists too often equate love with friendship among sexless angels. Psychiatrists appear to have one gospel of sexuality, while religion has its own restrictions and regulations for the primal act. To the dismay of religionists, psychoanalysis and the theories of Freud have ripped the veils away from sex and made our secret delights as naked as the daylight sun. Once upon a time, boys and girls confined sex chatter to their own sex, but today the pleasures and deterrents of the basic act are ready to be discussed by boy and girl after the first Martini.

Whether the modern cult of sexuality has made the world a better place in which to live is still a moot question, but there is no doubt that emancipation from the fear of sex is bringing both advantages and disadvantages. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is just as true about the knowledge of sex secrets as it is about people. Our modern frankness about our sexual needs and behavior has robbed sex of the old-fashioned sanctity which helped us to keep it under cover.

Fromm has remarked that erotic love is probably the most deceptive form of love there is. Sexual relations involve more than mere genital arousal. All too often lovers are merely partaking of fragments of each other's personality. There is no participation in depth, no uniting with the multiple phases of each other's life. Erotic or sexual love is a pleasant—and sometimes an unpleasant—journey along the outer highways of a great city. As Fromm says, "If the desire for physical union is not stimulated by love . . . it never leads to union in more than an orgiastic, transitory sense."

I was quite perturbed when a friend I had known since

boyhood told me that his third marriage was about to end in divorce, as did the others. As far as I could determine, he had always been a good husband, paid the bills, raised his children well. His wives had been fine girls—loyal, moral, and even sincere in their religion. But after several years wed to one spouse, Bruce would tire of her. "What kind of a girl are you looking for, Bruce?" I asked him. I felt that he was utterly honest when he replied, "I want to have a wife who will always love me." According to Bruce, neither he nor his partner could maintain feelings of love after the sexual honeymoon was over. When his wife's ardor cooled, the feeling was mutual, for his hunger for her had vanished, too.

Bruce had never really loved a wife—he possessed one. His wife soon realized this. It is obvious that marriage for him is chiefly a legal method by which to satisfy his orgiastic desires. These erotic experiences with the same partner become dull and then he seeks adventure elsewhere. It has been my experience over many years of counseling with married couples that good sexual experiences do not guarantee a happy marriage. Normally, such relationships help cement the marriage bond, but quite often when physically attracted persons wed, their sexual life together may destroy the marriage. A good sexual life together depends on good interpersonal relationships, where each respects the other, and has a high regard for the integrity of each individual.

The highest expression of love in the sexual act comes when the relationships between the partners have been almost spiritual in the respect for each other. Many people who are married are really not in love; the fleeting moments of superficial affection have long ceased and been replaced by an endurance contest. One does not have to wait for an official divorce or annulment to prove that love has fled and that the sanctuary of Eros has collapsed. One can never really love in the flesh. One can only love in the spirit.

Here in Western culture, our sex morals have been prescribed by Christian-Jewish religions. But Judaism has never been as unrealistic about our sexual life as certain Christian groups. The early Hebrews were naturalists. God made every part of a man's body and soul, and he was to enjoy it with thanksgiving. The Hebrew scriptures tell us that we are to be fruitful and multiply; there is no plea for celibacy or praise for virgins. An old Hebrew law exempted the newly married male from military service for his first married year so that he could have the pleasure of a long honeymoon. True, the intent of marriage was to produce offspring, but the physical demonstration of love was not to be shadowed by guilt or shame. Judaism teaches that flesh is holy because nature has ordained it to be the temple from which a new soul is born.

Apparently, the early Christians were influenced in part by certain mystery cults of Isis and Osiris, the Persian Mithras and others in Syria who railed against the carnal act. Asceticism was honored while sexuality was deplored to such an extent that the saintly Origen emasculated himself to avoid being drawn into lust. No one can read the pages of Christian history without being struck by the terror of sex among the early church fathers and the later monks and saints. Little wonder that our Victorian grandparents and their earlier Puritan forebears made short work of our sexual passions—sex was evil and that was all there was to it. True, it had to be endured in marriage for the sake of procreation, but even then the sexual act was somewhat indecent and the less said about it the better.

There has always been a strange ambiguity in religious circles about sex. Even today, it is rarely discussed in churches and synagogues. Once I planned a series of talks on marriage and the family to be given in my church hall. I invited some well known psychiatrists and clergymen to present

the talks. During one of the talks, a psychiatrist introduced the subject of sex in the discussion on marital relations, and gave what I considered to be a moral and restrained presentation of the problem of sex in marriage. But he made some of the church members furious. "This kind of talk is out of place in a church group," one of my trustees complained. "Sex has no place in religion." Yet every parson who deals with the marital difficulties of his church people knows that the flames of burning marriages are usually caused by the hot coals of misused sex.

Both psychiatrists and clergymen are aware of the large number of both men and women, but especially women, who cannot have sexual relations without guilt. Frigidity and impotency are tied up with all kinds of mental disorders, and those of us who are consulted by sex-tormented individuals often observe how rigid religious teachings concerning purity and privacy cripple and distort sex by aggravating shame and guilt. Instead of affirming sexuality as a basic physical and spiritual function of our body, many religious individuals think of sexual relations almost as though they were being exposed to a loathsome disease.

A good illustration of the misconception of the normality of sexual feelings is often seen in the attitudes of boys and girls who wish to enter the religious life. I recall a young woman who came to see me and said that she wished to enter one of the religious orders of my church. This meant that she would have to renounce marriage as long as she remained a nun in the Anglican church. We talked for about an hour and it seemed to me that the girl was somewhat emotionally insecure. "I have no desire to belong to any man," she said.

"Most men are beasts; only my Lord in heaven is worthy of my purity," she continued. I suggested that she come see me again, but in the meantime I referred her to a clinical psychologist for some vocational tests so that we could determine

what kind of preliminary training she should embark upon for her life's work.

The psychologist gave her the routine tests for vocation, but in addition administered several thematic apperception tests to determine her emotional stability. It was obvious that the young woman was handicapped by a severe neurosis involving excessive guilt concerning her sexual feelings. Inasmuch as psychotherapy was indicated, the girl was referred to a psychiatrist who was able to help her accept her sexuality in a healthy manner. Once this emotional hurdle was leaped, the success of her vocation was more assured. A boy or a girl who offers his soul and body to his church because he is incapable of giving himself to another human being in a healthy, physical relationship, is not offering his church a healthy mind, but a diseased one. Chastity can be healthy or unhealthy. Unmarried men and women have made noble and profound contributions to the cause of religion. The criterion for most religious organizations is that their workers and leaders be physically and emotionally healthy.

When I was a boy I was reared in a household in which the word "sex" was never uttered. Although the family was not fanatical about religion, the Puritanical influences of Victorianism dominated our moral upbringing. Apparently, my parents believed that sex and religion didn't mix. Even today, there are thousands of American families which consider sex the lure of the devil. "Sex drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden," preaches the radio evangelist, ignoring the fact that not coitus but disobedience is the primal sin condemned in the legend of the Garden of Paradise.

Many members of Christian religions still believe that all sex is sin. Yet I knew a woman who refused to have her baby baptized because as she said, "My baby wasn't born in sin and it doesn't need any holy water to wash the stains away." I had to assure her that our church did not condemn con-

ception. Many of us in the ministry often find parents who have the impression that religion implies that sex is dirty. But religion has itself to blame for these misunderstandings as long as some of its preachers suggest that sex is not only sinful, but is the original sin. Neither Judaism nor Christianity has ever officially held that begetting children in wedlock was sinful, or that Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise because they took of each other. Their error was undue haste leading to willful disobedience. The symbol of a serpent does not mean sex, but evil—as used in the legend of the Garden it denotes disobedience.

Today, liberal religion doesn't teach that sex is nasty, but still insists that it is sacred. A great leader of religion, Archbishop William Temple, put his finger right in the middle of the problem of sex and love when he said, "To use sex relationships as an opportunity of passing amusement always involves treating another person as a plaything or a toy. That is destructive of the freedom we are fighting to maintain, for the heart of that freedom is the dignity of personality." Those who feed on another's flesh are not so much guilty of lust as of pride—egotistic pride in our power to dominate and exploit. Sexual experience between those who really love each other partakes of a purity and a depth which expresses both spiritual and emotional health.

Yet marriage has not always been a requisite for sexual relations. In fact, in some cultures successful sexual intimacy was obligatory before marriage was approved. Among the Fuegians and the Eastern Greenlanders, marriage was not regarded as complete until the woman had given her mate a child. In certain primitive South American cultures, the engagement period was a time of sexual testing and exploration during which the lovers slept with each other until a baby was born. The marriage was then considered binding. Even today in our own country, a marriage can be annulled if it

can be proved that the couple has not engaged in sexual relations. Our laws state that a marriage has not been consummated until two have become one flesh. The importance of sex in marriage is one of the reasons why we so easily tend to confuse sex with love, when actually love means something infinitely more profound than sex, regardless of the attractiveness of sensuality.

Students of the art of love who dig into philosophy and religion discover that the Greeks had more than one word for it. Although Eros was the name given to the god of love, the name is also given to the god of play. Eros seems to be primarily interested in pleasure and spends much time amusing himself. Cupid, a smaller god of love, was related to Eros, and the Greeks often represented him with his eyes covered because he was blind to his effect on lovers. Another Greek word for love is *agape* which is a different type of love. The love of Eros means that we love another for our own satisfaction, while *agape* means that we love a person for his own sake.

Greek philosophy puts much emphasis on the need of Eros. Plato, Aristotle, and Plotinus are the chief exponents for this lusty god. They recognize that Eros delighted in sex; our word "erotic" describes our own sensual experiences. Modern psychiatry is confirming what the Greeks and others have known for years—love has many causes and motivations. We can love because of our sexual needs or for spiritual reasons; there is often a combination of both. We can never completely isolate our biological from our mental impulses. Every thought or feeling in our mind stirs our body chemistry. It is a fundamental fact in psychiatry that every emotional stimulus creates an alteration in our nervous tissues. Eros and *agape* are brothers under the skin of love, but the more noble of the two is *agape*.

Today, psychiatry is helping us to understand the mystery

of sex better than ever. One can understand the reticence of religious groups to guard the sanctity of sexual behavior if for no other reason than it is the act by which a new creature is ushered into the world. In our desire to be sophisticated and "psychiatrically oriented" there is no gain in living in contempt of the holy temple which nourishes the embryonic seed of a life about to be born. Lust may be delightful, but nevertheless pleasure is not the ultimate goal of man—self-control and self-respect are higher virtues. Tennessee Williams, James Jones, Norman Mailer, and other contemporary authors and playwrights, who aggravate the controversy between sex and morality, help us to confront morals with truth, but the images they paint of oversexed characters are clinical specimens of well known mental illnesses. When they mix so much sex with love, they merely point up how much further man needs to climb from the morass of his lower instincts if he is to find the joy of real love.

Psychiatrists tell us that many of our sexual problems are due to basic anxiety, or insecurity. For instance, the Don Juan type of lover must constantly reassure himself that he is not a homosexual. He cannot love anyone as much as he loves himself, being incapable of mature relationships with other persons. "The bed-hoppers are not the masculine lovers," I was once told by a psychoanalyst, "but are little boys who haven't the courage to grow up and free themselves from the bondage of sex." Immediate gratification of our physical needs is a form of infantile love. True adult love in its finest sense means that we are able to delay immediate satisfactions for the sake of other aims.

Certainly our space age has enough facts to help us fathom how much love is in sex and how much sex is in love, but the world, the flesh and the devil often prevent mature love. I have been consulted about too many disillusioned love affairs and illicit premarital activities to pretend that individuals

can usually tell the difference between the art of love and the power of sex. Our modern modes of living with the emphasis on the breasty movie queen, and the shaking hips of the guitar player, divert our minds from real love and equate soul union with physical passion. Nevertheless sex can be one of the greatest stimulants and by-products of pure love. Not even the wild orgies of unbridled lust can equal the sexual satisfaction and pleasure felt between true lovers. But love doesn't always depend on sexual stimulation.

A man came to see me about his wife's growing coolness toward him. "When we were first married, we had great happiness and seemed to be made for each other. But now, she merely tolerates my physical relations with her," he said. After counseling with both of them individually, I discovered that the wife really loved her husband very deeply even though she abhorred his sexual claims. I referred both of them to a psychiatrist for further professional help, and although the wife was in part able to overcome her reticence regarding physical relations, still her love for her husband remained more spiritual than physical.

Mature love is the affirmation of the worth and freedom of the other person, and requires honest self-knowledge on the part of the lover concerning his own needs. Love often springs from sexual satisfaction, but in its highest expression love involves much more. But all too often we use love for buying others or selling ourselves. One evening I entertained several married couples at dinner in the Rectory. The conversation came around to a discussion of several young boys and girls who were getting a reputation for premarital adventures. "I don't think that anyone should yield his body to another unless they are married," one of my female guests remarked. I kept silent because I knew that no real love existed between her and her husband. "Young people have no moral character," interpolated a middle-aged vestryman

of my church. Once again I kept quiet for I knew that his own marriage was surviving only because he and his wife couldn't stand the gossip which would follow divorce.

In both instances, the couples had no real love for each other, but their marriages had been based on mutual convenience—a home and security for the wife, a body and a housekeeper for the husband. They didn't seem to understand that the immorality they were condemning in the young people was no different in kind than their own—except that in their own situation, marriage had made sex legal.

Almost every modern notion about love is related to a possession. "I love my husband" often means "I have a husband." Or again, some mothers say "I love my son" when they mean "I possess my son." But we can never experience real love until we stop thinking of love purely in terms of the satisfaction of our own needs. Love is an offering. Love is a thrusting out. The mother gives her breast to her child, the father provides his labor to support his family. Our persuaders of personality aim at making people lovable—the girl must have personality and the boy strong masculinity and material success. This makes us saleable. Love in our times is something we seek rather than something we give. No wonder so many marriages are wrecked and loneliness scars the hearts of millions of men and women. In religion we go to churches and synagogues to "get" the love of God instead of give love to God. Could this be the reason why for so many people religion is a delusion and as shallow as many marital "love" affairs?

True love in its best religious and psychological meaning does not try to capture the other person, but respects his sacredness. It is the complete opposite to narcissism—which is falling in love with one's desires. Love means that we can respect even those we dislike. The right of every individual

to be himself is his birthright, and our recognition of another's claim to be unique is the essence of love. Love does not ask, "What can I get?" but "What can I give?"

In marriages, in families, and among friends, we see the subtle maneuverings to exploit and manipulate. Parents are often the worst offenders. Some mothers are sadists, demanding love and torturing their children into giving it by making the child feel guilty. "My mother demands that I love her," one of the young men in my church complained to me. "She keeps telling me how much she loves me until I become so guilty about my own failure to love, that I then do what she wants me to." A child often likes his teddy bear better than his mother—the teddy makes no demands for his love. Religion assures us that not in possession but in giving is true joy to be found. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," is a Christian message which means that our respect for the other person must even exceed love of ourselves.

Those of us who have counseled with married couples or those about to be wed, discover all kinds of misconceptions about love and marriage. Far too many people marry for the wrong reasons. Reciprocal satisfaction of desires is not always an expression of love. The girl who marries the boy friend "to save him from a drunkard's grave" kind of thing is not love but capture. Many people get married because they cannot "live without the other" which is an open confession that they have lost their sense of freedom. But is this love or neurosis? Love is not a soggy surrender but an affirmation of mature independence. In love, one doesn't "lose oneself" but reaches the highest level of self-fulfillment. One can merge oneself with another only as one has had prior capacity to stand alone and be a person in his own right.

In the same way that we are a physically isolated unit, in a physical universe, we are also a psychological entity joined

to the psychology of other people. Love and hatred are emotional realities which bind human beings. Every one of us needs instinctively to be related to other persons. The breast allays our first anxiety caused by our traumatic thrust from the womb. From then until the day we die, we must overcome the fear of separation from others. Insanity is a form of burying ourselves and pulling the sod over us. Schizophrenia is isolation—when a man abides on a single rock in a sea of nothingness. The strange but wonderful thing about love is that love involves a paradox in which two human beings are joined yet at the same time retain their unique, basic independence and freedom.

There is a wondrous joy in weeping when another weeps or laughing when another laughs. Our common humanity is joined, and in the act of sharing, no separation exists. So it is with love—only more deeply. Love is a feeling of oneness. In Judaism and Christianity, the highest expression of love toward God is in our act of atonement, which really means “at-one-ment,” or one with God. Whether between lovers, in families, among friends, or in touch with God, true love means that a fusion has occurred in which each has retained the right to remain free.

Over the past three decades, I have stood before the altar here and in Europe almost a thousand times and looked into the faces of couples I was about to wed. In my church, marriage is a sacred rite in which the man and the woman ask for nothing but promise to give all. “I, Edgar, take thee, Edna, to my wedded wife. To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part,” recites the groom as he plights his troth to his beloved.

This is an expression of love in its highest psychological and religious sense. But often marriages end in divorce when

one loves too much and makes the union lopsided. "I love my husband more than anything else in the world," a woman sobbed on my couch as she faced the prospect of separation. I was sure that was so but that was precisely why he was leaving her. He never really loved her, but succumbed to her domination. There had been no fusion of the spirit in this marriage—merely the conveniences and releases of the marriage bed. Love is the union of spiritual personalities in a great act of mutual tenderness. This obvious truth escapes many youngsters who confuse love with lust. "We fall in love with her dimples," remarked George Ade, "and then make the mistake of marrying the whole girl." There is more to love than physical union. If we really love a woman, we not only love her form, her face and all her physical features, but also her smile, her gestures, her carriage, her spirit, her truthfulness and her inner mystical self. A human being is the sum total of all his parts and true love makes no distinction between body and soul. Love is compounded of both.

There is probably no other subject in the whole, wide world about which more has been written than love. It has an art and a mystery. The strange silence which is kept by those who experience the art of real love is inevitable among those who are truthful enough to admit that human relationships even at their finest are inexplicable, unfathomable. We taste of each other, but can never plunge to the depths of another's individuality, his desires, his anxieties, his fears, his unique being. The mystery about the one we love must be respected even as our own mysterious self should not be invaded. Indeed, it is our common need, our mutual self-bewilderment, our personal sense of self-respect, which joins us to another human being. Personal reverence, honesty, sincerity, and above all, basic integrity are the only altars upon which a worthy love can be built.

I do not know of any method which guarantees to make

us love or even to make others love us. But I am certain of one thing. We must know something about a person before we can love him. One of my favorite tales beautifully illustrates this. On a crowded train, a little girl was sobbing loudly, disturbing other passengers who were reading or napping. She was accompanied by an older girl who seemed to have difficulty in managing the child. After an hour of uninterrupted crying, one of the passengers said in a highly critical manner, "Where is the child's mother?" "She is in the next car," replied the older girl, "in her coffin." A warm flow of love immediately went out to the little girl—because now they knew something about the child.

Love is a form of knowledge. We love what we know, but even more. The highest form of love is when we also love what we do not know. This is as true of human beings as the mystic's love of his God. Our failures in love come from demanding everything—full, complete possession of the whole personality. But true love partakes of a mystery, thrusts itself into the unknown in a great act of faith. "The astrolabe of the mysteries of God is love," writes Jalaluddin Rumi. The instrument by which we explore the mysteries of human life is also love. Love is its own enjoyment—we learn to love because we have the desire to love. Tenderness, kindness, and gentleness: these are the seeds from which love is born, and which make us also lovable. And in these holy offerings of self we are united with another, and with ourselves, and with our God.

Chapter Twelve

IMMORTALITY

There is only one way to rid ourselves of the fear of death. We should cease our speculations. Man has no way of knowing whether his life continues or is forever annihilated, for death is the ultimate mystery. But although we do not know the why of life or death, we have the means to meet whatever comes. In honest truth, we trust that as the will of God was done in life, it will be done at death. Immortality is not a condition of eternal existence, but a simple, unbroken trust in God.

To grasp this fully, we must first make certain what each of us, in our own way, means by death and the life hereafter. Our emotional needs largely shape our feelings about our ultimate destiny. If we have not been able to release our loved ones who have gone before, we shall yearn for a reunion with them in a land beyond the sky. Or if we have been in love with our personalities, we shall search for a faith which will assure us that our body, mind, and soul will survive extinction. Many of us glorify our individuality and insist on it continuing after death. We who live in Western culture are materialists; we presume that even in death we must go to some place with some thing. It is not surprising that in a culture which worships personality and whose ultimate values depend largely on what we see and touch, that

we want these specific benefits to stay with us. To many of us, an intangible life after death is meaningless. "What I regret the most about death," a friend recently told me, "is that the inner thing of me is gone—no more music, no more beauty of nature, no more personal relationships. It's very comforting to be able to believe in immortality. I wish I could!"

Man in his egotism is unwilling to be completely destroyed by death. His survival in some form is precious to him. It is therefore not strange that of all the questions which man has pondered, what is to become of him after death has interested him the most. Sometimes the arguments for survival are based on logical premises or conclusions. Often we are told that we must accept immortality purely on the grounds of faith. But many of these arguments are merely wishful thinking. Although I know of countless theories of life after death, I can find no universal agreement or acceptance of any one of them.

Even though most religions stress the survival of spirit rather than body, many religious groups still believe that our condemned "spirit" will feel the agonizing pains, of the lowest hell worlds, with its monsters, demons and brutes. If our minds are wracked with guilt, we shall be frightened at the thought of death. If we have been motivated to live a good life primarily because of rewards in heaven, our theories of immortality will include our prize. Some of us are not sufficiently secure to endure the thought of being totally alone here in life, so it is not strange if our hope of perpetuity includes the belief that the angels will keep us company after death. It is clear that our emotional needs now and here shape our hope for eternity. Conversely, what we think about the hereafter will influence our thoughts and emotions, too.

Fear of separation, excessive self-love, our materialistic values, our infantile needs for rewards and awards, together

with our guilts, will condition our thoughts about life beyond the grave. Yet, is it not a mental waste to make the place beyond the grave merely an improved replica of life on earth? True, there are many devout souls whose faith in materialistic eternity is unshatterable.

We have no right to ridicule anyone who in deep honesty and sincere faith places his trust in personal survival, his rock of ages, reunion with his loved ones in a Paradise beyond compare. Let us not scoff at those who have died looking upward where the stars are, or are living with the hope of a land of pure delight, for these include the saints who have helped to preserve the beauty of the earth.

But as in the things of life, so in the thoughts of death, each of us must frame his own belief in the light of his knowledge and his needs with utter honesty and candor—for as man must live his Self in life, so in death.

In our day of skepticism and rejection each of us is compelled to re-examine many of his most cherished assumptions to make certain that the faith in which he believes is his very own. Only in this way can we have the fortitude to consider our ultimate passing without fear or bewilderment. For instance, it is important for us to understand that many of our theories about immortality have emerged from labor pains of speculation and anxiety. The first guesses at immortality included no ideas of rewards or punishments at all. Homer referred to some kind of life in Hades, but said there was no mind there. The ancient Hebrews spoke of Sheol—a vast subterranean grave where the dead lay still. There was no happy winging about, or the agonizing voices of sinners in hell.

Later, dismayed with the idea of an eternal sleep in the cold, damp grave, cut off from their God whom they had known and loved, the Jews began to talk about deliverance and the possibility of resurrection. Divine love was needed

even after death. Accordingly, the Hebrews began to teach that the wicked would stay in Sheol, but that the faithful would still receive the love of God. Afterwards, the unknown author of the book of Enoch describes how the good souls will go to delightful places and sinners cast into the mouth of hell and tormented forever. Paradise was depicted as a super Garden of Eden, filled with milk and honey and mighty mountains clad with lilies and roses.

What man has said through the ages about immortality is not a matter of knowledge or education or even intelligence, but of temperament. Man believes what he wishes to believe, and each of us chooses whatever theory pleases him the most. We have to believe that each of us someday will die, but we are not compelled to accept descriptions of our future after death. It has always been believed that the gods survived death. A good question to raise is whether the Christian's idea of life after death is based on the resurrection of Jesus or whether man's innate need to believe in his own resurrection accounts for his emphasis on Jesus' actual survival. Man has always attributed to his gods the things he wants most for himself.

Ever since I was old enough to develop a grown-up religion, I have been struck with the vast number of people who hang on to religion because of their hopes or fears about the hereafter. We should not permit theories about immortality to shape our life; the way we arrange and deal with life should mold our ideas about immortality. Without the assurance of a happy home beyond the stars, and the dread of eternal punishment for failure, most of religion—at least Christianity—would almost perish. Apparently most of us haven't the courage or the persistence to hew to moral and spiritual ideals without fear of penalties or inducement of reward. A common belief is that life after death is the time for reckoning when punishment will be meted out and the

good folk rewarded by eternal peace in a land of rejoicing, reunited with their relatives and friends who have gone before.

Too often, the moment of death is conceived as a time when we shall be arrested by the celestial policeman standing behind the undertaker ready to take us to the judge. But this kind of terror has no place in the great religions of the world such as Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism or others. They teach that God loves his children—even more tenderly at the moment of death.

There is little use in insisting that we accept "the faith." What faith? Every major religion has its own theory as to life beyond the grave. True, if the religion has been taught successfully, its members will have accepted the faith. But the point I am making is that for a searcher after truth, there are many notions about immortality from which to choose. Many individuals go through life carefully observing the requirements of their religion, and blindly accepting the old explanations. The thought of forfeiting religion's protection and benefits after death terrorize them. I have friends who would find life intolerable without the hope of meeting their loved ones in a geographical heaven far above the clouds.

In the same manner that man has always created and developed his own religions, he also conjures his ideas and hopes about the hereafter. The history of man is also the history of his ever changing concepts about his ultimate destiny. He changes his theories from age to age—now thrusting forward with a new and great idea, now reverting back to early philosophies and the speculations of religions other than his own. There is mystery about life after death, but there is no mystery about how we get our theories—we invent, speculate, conjecture, adopt.

To that vast and still growing section of humanity who refuse to be susceptible to the sedatives of sentimental reli-

gion, the land of milk and honey beyond the sky is wishful thinking. Yeats is reported to have said that life is "an immense preparation for something which never happens." Death requires ultimate honesty; our religions must not make promises they cannot deliver. It is far more honest to say, as my neighbors often confess, "I have no certainty about immortality," than to bribe one into belief with rewards, or threaten them with hell. All that anyone can say about life after death is "This is *my* belief."

This lack of a universal belief in immortality reduces belief in life after death to a purely personal matter. What we believe will depend on how much we can accept on faith. Most religions teach that the dead have not perished. This doesn't always mean that our actual bodies have survived, but that God has not allowed to come to nought that human soul which he has created. We see in life a physical realm and a spiritual realm. We are a combination of both. Whitehead, to me the most sensible of modern philosophers has written, "We are in the world and the world is in us." Each of us shares existence—but so does God. The same thought is echoed by Kahlil Gibran who has said, "For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one."

As for myself, I have no difficulty in believing in immortality. We may need to take a journey from faith to faith before we reach the hallowed ground of Ultimate Truth, but the journey is worthy. Too often, our search for the truth about the hereafter is distracted and distorted by unsupported and credulous hopes, such as the existence of a geographical region known as heaven. Whether or not we grasp the full meaning of immortality will depend on what we wish to be immortal about. Personal survival? Reunions? In the days beyond our years, past the point of no return, shall we look forward to retributions, judgments, rewards, punishments? Each question has its own theory and each theory its

own questions, many of them unfathomable and often contradictory. We keep philosophizing because we are afraid, and afraid because we are insecure; we are insecure because we have not understood that immortality does not begin at death, but even before our birth.

I believe in immortality for the simple reason that I am part of all that is, which to me is just another way of saying that I belong to God. Immortality should not be based on celestial geography but on insight. Immortality means "unending existence—imperishable." Each of us is caught up in existence which began long 'ere the cells were formed in his native womb to make of him the child of nature he is. Our lives cannot be limited to that space between birth and death. Lin Yutang writes of an illiterate Chinese woman who said, "Others gave birth to us and we give birth to others. What else are we to do?" But life was made to be more than a biological procession. Life is also a constant participation with all of creation—an essential part of all that is, was, and is to be. We may be ignorant of the reason why we exist, but our life is a portion of some vaster system.

I have worshipped with Mohammedans in their mosques in Istanbul, prayed with Hindus, listened to High Mass in the great Roman Catholic cathedrals here and abroad. I have sat on the facing bench with the Quakers in the silence, and joined in the lusty singing of gospel hymns in the tents of the evangelists. Then one day, before mounting the pulpit of an ancient English village church to preach at Evensong to a hundred or more German prisoners of war, confined to English farms until statesmen set them free, the organ began the majestic chords of "Ein' Feste Burg" joined by the voices of the English and the Teutons. From the lips of the captured, the hymn was sung in native tongue, while the English joined in words familiar to their land. But the difference of tongues illumined the love of a single God as the words "A mighty Fortress is our God" were sung with common tune

and heart. I could not hold my tears, caught up by God, who also captured friend and foe alike. No matter what the creed or state, we are never separated from God who has us all.

Here is the genius of immortality. I believe that we are immortal because we are forever and eternally a part of God's plan and always part of his possessions. When I feel close to God there is aroused within me a realistic sense of being part of a wonderful experience we call human life in which I feel my place under God, but also a sense of freedom because of my trust that God is my friend. And each day, when the dawn breaks and my eyes are released from the sleep of the night, I know that I am in the presence of God and he will not leave me no matter what happens during the day. And then when the silence of the night relieves my mind of the noise of the day, I fall asleep knowing that I am still in the presence of God and wake or die, my relationship with God will not be broken.

This is the kind of trust I have in God. I trust God in life and I shall trust God in death. To me, immortality is a steady, persistent, simple, childlike confidence in God. I do not know what is beyond, whether or not there will be a survival of my body after death, or whether I shall rise physically or spiritually from the dead or even rise at all. These things do not concern me very much—if one is in the hands of God, what does it matter? An old definition of heaven means "to be happy." To have self-esteem and with it self-respect, a mind without fear and strengthened with courage, a sense of one's place in the world neither too high nor too low, and a love for oneself, one's neighbor, and one's God, is to be happy.

But above all, we shall cherish integrity and truth. Truth is the desire within each individual which urges him to seek the highest things in life. To be content with a small and meager way of life, a life of shallow and superficial values, is tragic. To live on the low plains of existence rather than on

the heights is to miss the contentment and the spiritual power which comes from living nobly. The things we want in life and death to give us hope and faith and trust, cannot be bought with brass or brains, but only by truth. These will be the truths about ourselves, even more than truth about our earth. There is a level of life and human allegiance which makes of life a fine art—which brings about our most worthy and best achievements. This again is living truth which binds ourselves to God.

The truths about ourselves cannot be learned until there is perfect harmony of heart and mind in freedom, unfettered by the entanglements of ignorance. Once freed from the bondage of ignorance, we have firm foundations on which to base our trust. We shall need to explore our inner self, to understand what can be known of man, the unknown. Then, too, we must have thoughts of God which are reasonable and which honor our quest for truth. From the pages of spiritual history, we can find the paths of comfort and courage, but we shall not allow our feet to tread in swamps and marshes of uncertain ground. From psychiatry, psychology, anthropology, medicine, and scores of other ripening fields of knowledge comes new food to open mind and further deeper insight. Delusions are destroyed and the fakery of our lives, our creeds, our customs, and our codes are clear for all to see. To trust, our feet must rest on rocks of truth. In truth, there is no mystery.

The good news of our day is that each of us can have this knowledge about ourselves and others, which also opens doors to life and all creation. Even God is caught in this fresh reflected light and he is seen in new array. But truth must be our compass and our guide. No matter where it leads, we must follow—for birth and death are conquered when ignorance is destroyed.

There are times when the greatest part of the symphony

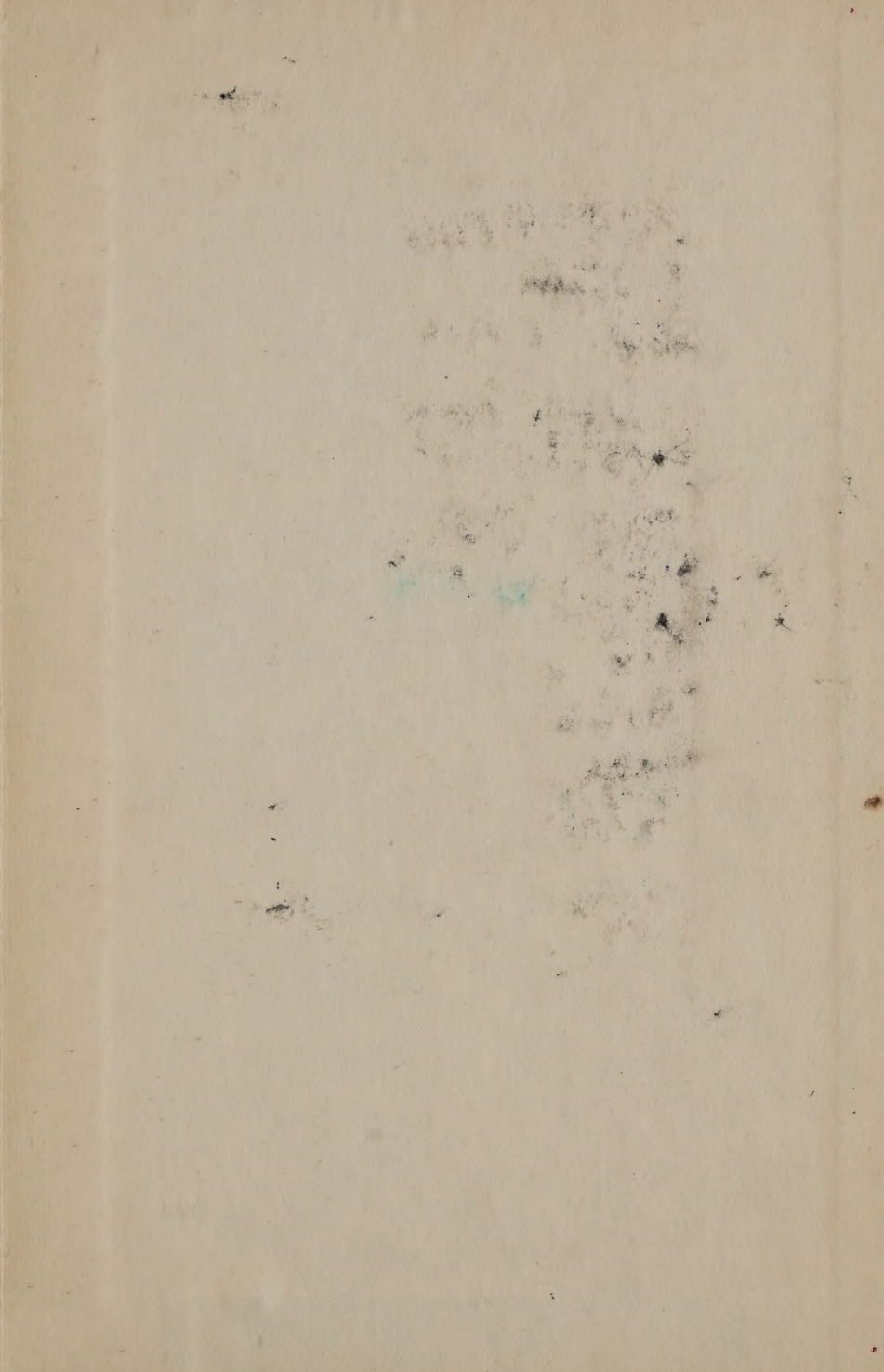
is at the end, as, for instance, in Beethoven's Ninth with its majestic final chorale of hope. For those who seek the truth, it is no lie or fake pilgrimage to strive after unity with the source of all creation. Each will find an answer for his hungry heart, but man must find God for himself. He can be found at birth—and at death, too. There is only one way to rid ourselves of the fear of death. As we trust that what tomorrow brings will fare us well and give us deep content, so must our trust continue for another day. For whether clear or fog, calm or wind, storm or lee, the Spirit which gavest one, gavest all. We are never lost. We must learn to live and trust in the calm of each day.

As I write, I am seated in my cottage almost a hundred feet above the sea. The water is still and the sunset has cast a warm glow of pink over the sky, which has mixed with the surface of the ocean to clothe it with a coat of velvet splendor. The bayberry leaves have turned their faces toward the setting sun, but underneath are lined with shades of purple. To the east, the sea is streaked with grayish blues and blacks announcing the coming night. Soon it will be dark, and the pinks and the blues and the grays and the purples will be gone.

But I know that the sun will not have perished, for the stars and the moon will assure me that the sun is still in its orbit. When I awake, the sun will be here to greet me with the same warmth as it blessed me today. The bayberry leaves will drink of their food, and the sea will contain its light. So will it be at my death. It will grow dark, but the sun of my hope will glow in the new morning. The Light has never left my world, nor have I been disjoined from it. This is the Ultimate Truth—the conquerer of death.

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